

THIS PART CONTAINS  
THE SISTERS. A New Duet. Words by ALFRED TENNYSON. Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

APRIL, 1881.

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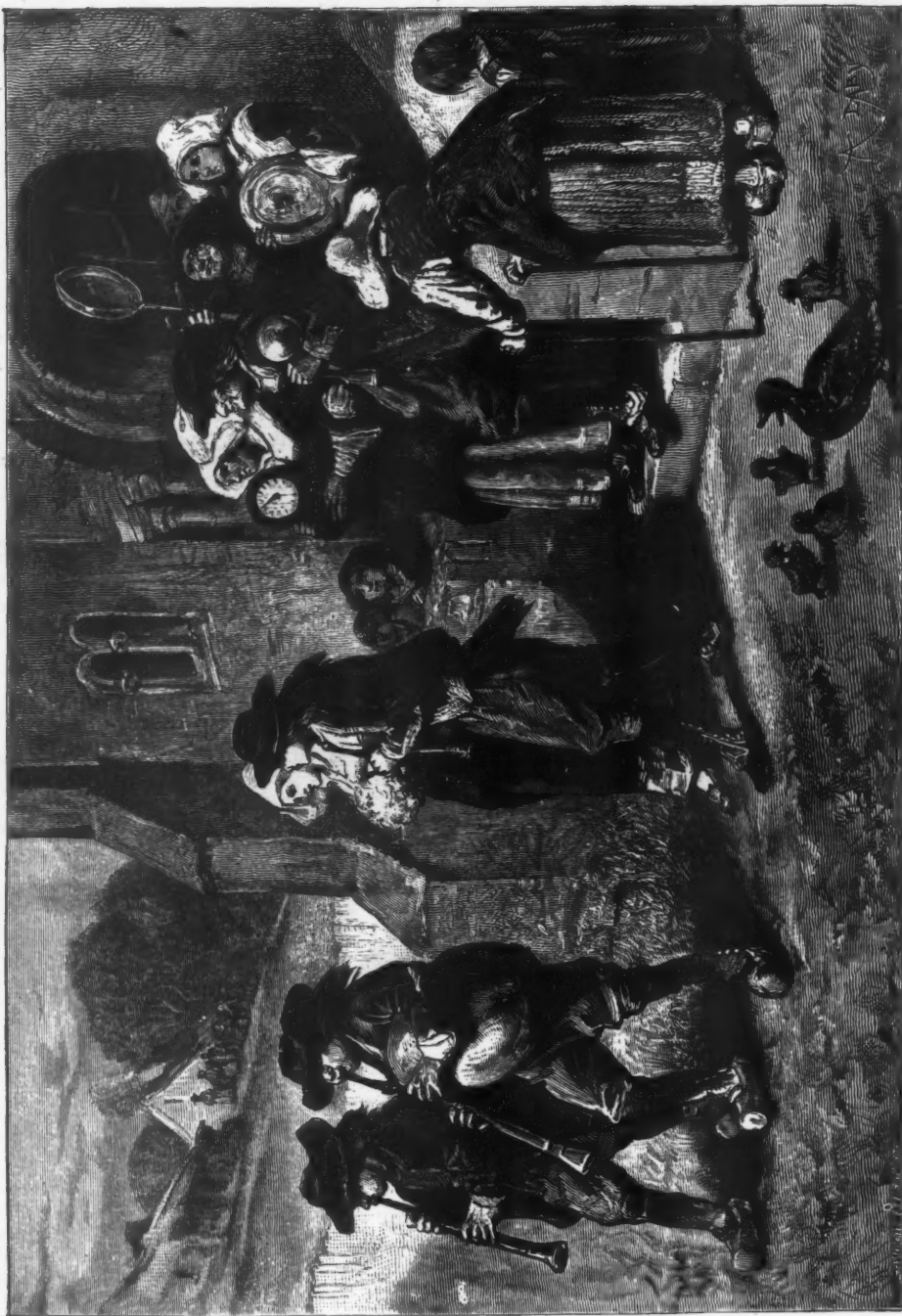
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DAVID COX.



*A Cox*

LOVE of the country—as well as love of country—is a trait of the average Briton's character which is both noticeable and creditable. It is for this reason, doubtless, that landscape-painting has been so much practised in England. One branch of the art—painting in water-colours—is essentially and specially British, and our school may fairly be considered as standing unrivalled by any other nation. To no master is this school more indebted than to David Cox, nearly the whole of whose long life was spent in its service.

The subject of this little sketch was born on the 29th of April, 1783, in a modest cottage in Heath-Mill Lane, Deritend, a poor suburb of Birmingham. Birmingham itself was at that time a comparatively small place. Surrounded by forges and workshops, one of which his father occupied (he being a small manufacturer of gun-barrels, bayonets, and horse-shoes), the circumstances of his early life were scarcely more propitious than were those of Turner for acquiring a knowledge of art.

When Cox was a little boy of about six years

old he fell over a door-scraper and broke his leg, which had to be confined in splints. Some one taking compassion on his lonely indoor lot presented him with a box of colours, and his earliest recorded artistic work was in painting kites for his boy friends. When still quite a youngster the so-called "toy-trades" of Birmingham gave him employment in painting snuff-boxes, buckles, buttons, locket, and so forth. This work may have given him some facility in the use of the brush, although it is very questionable how far it advanced him in art knowledge. Much of it was of the cheapest order. Mr. N. N. Solly, Cox's principal biographer, cites the case of one man in the same service who used to be able to make £3 10s. a week, although he received only *one farthing* apiece for painting the tops of snuff-boxes. At that rate he would have had to execute 3,360 designs for the money! Cox at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to a locket and miniature painter, where he was making excellent progress, when his master committed suicide. This sad event had an undoubted influence in shaping his career, for it was the immediate cause of his turning his attention to scene-painting, a form of art which undoubtedly leads up to a broad, rapid, and effective style, and which such artists as Clarkson Stanfield and David Roberts have not disdained to practise.

The theatre at Birmingham had just been rebuilt, and Macready, its manager, father of the future tragedian, the latter then a small boy, had engaged De Maria, a very superior scene-painter of the day. Cox, who commenced grinding colours for De Maria and his assistants, was soon promoted to better work. It is interesting to learn that the first subject essayed by the coming painter of grand and gloomy landscape was a group of villagers at a country fair, with a rustic having his pocket picked. When Cox was about eighteen or nineteen he became principal scene-painter to Macready, a position he held for four years. He left it at last, chagrined by Macready's treatment. The old gentleman had pointed to some special scene, and asked him why he couldn't do as well as that? The scene happened to be by David Cox, and bore his signature. While working for the father, Cox painted a complete series of miniature scenes for a toy-theatre, the plaything of young Macready, the future tragedian, which had been made by one of the stage-carpenters. In after years Macready returned the compliment by subscribing towards the portrait of the artist, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon, which is now preserved in the Public Fine Art Gallery of Birmingham. To his old master, De Maria, Cox always acknowledged his obligations in art knowledge; a compliment which the former returned. Some years after they had parted they met in the gallery of the Water-Colour Society, before one of the painter's works. "What!" said De Maria, "are you the David Cox, the painter of this picture, the same young lad who used to grind my colours at Birmingham? Then, indeed, I assure you that if I taught you something formerly I have now learnt a great deal more from you."

Cox, after leaving Birmingham, had an offer from Astley, of circus fame, but there is little evidence that he ever painted there, though he undoubtedly came to Lambeth to reside for awhile. That he—occasionally, at least, for a year or two after this—painted scenery is evidenced by one of his entries in 1808: "To painting 310 yards of scenery, at 4s. per square yard, £62." One square yard of some of his later works may fetch to-day thousands of pounds. Yet at the period of his first removal to London he used often to supply dealers with original drawings at the rate of two guineas a dozen, these being largely bought up by country drawing-masters to set before their pupils as examples. Even as late as 1825, when his name was established, few of his drawings fetched more than three or four guineas apiece.

In 1805 the Society of Painters in Water Colours opened their first exhibition, but Cox did not join till eight years later, as he at first belonged to a rival institution, the affairs of which turned out disastrously. Their expenses considerably exceeded their income, and the works of many of the exhibitors were seized to pay the rent of the gallery, Cox being a principal sufferer. His finances were by no means flourishing at the time, and the blow fell on him heavily. One of these very drawings—a large work, 4 feet by 3 feet—when sold again, fifty years later, was found to have *two others under it!* Perhaps they had been forgotten, and the probability is that Cox in those days was richer in drawings than in drawing-boards.

Cox used to sell many of his early drawings at a shop kept by one Palser in the Westminster Road, "and there they were seen and admired by Colonel the Hon. H. Windsor (afterwards Earl of Plymouth); who at once determined to take lessons from him, and inquired where the artist lived. Palser at first hesitated to inform him, but on being pressed he said he was a young man from the country, who now lived in a cottage on Dulwich Common, *a long way out of town*. That was, however, on the earl's way, as he drove in every day from Beckenham, so he called at once. Cox was fortunately at home, and the first lesson was given." This first lesson cost him his dinner. A joint or fowl was down at the fire roasting, and before the important lesson was over, as Cox used to tell the story, it was "crying out that it was burnt." It was a dinner well lost, for Colonel Windsor proved a kind and valuable friend, introducing Cox to many families of distinction. In a short time he was enabled to raise his terms for an hour's lesson from five shillings to half a guinea. He used, generally at this time, to leave his work with his pupils, and some of these little drawings which cost their possessors practically nothing, have since been sold for thirty, forty, or more guineas apiece. Later, he would allow his pupils to keep the drawings made, charging them only an extra half guinea each; but in the end it became evident that he was giving away his work too cheaply, and he discontinued the habit. At all parts of his life he was generous in his dealings with artists, as well as with his patrons, of whom so many became personal friends, and even with the dealers.



"While living at Dulwich Cox had the misfortune to be drawn for the militia. Besides his instinctive repugnance for anything like a military life, he felt that to sacrifice the time necessary to serve would sadly interfere with his progress in art. He made the necessary representation at head-

geometry, and he did not know exactly what to expect, but he sat down after tea to study his new acquisition. He soon found that he had got more than he had looked for; the longer he endeavoured to master the propositions the more the difficulties increased. At last his head began to



THE SKIRTS OF A FOREST.

quarters, but without success, as they declined to take his name off the roll, although others, who were less truthful than himself, had got off. He therefore paid for a substitute at Croydon, but for some cause he was refused, and Cox left home quietly for a time. Afterwards, when the prospects of peace caused less strictness in the enrolment, he was able to return, being no longer afraid of arrest as a deserter."

Times were unusually hard for poor artists about that period, and Cox struggled on, teaching where he could obtain pupils, and occasionally selling a low-priced drawing, but feeling very anxious and depressed, in spite of the cheering sympathy of his good wife, to whom he always went for advice, even in art matters. "It was on a day of unusual despondency that Mrs. Cox suggested to her husband that, by way of trying something new, he should advertise to give lessons in perspective. This struck Cox as being a good idea, and he set to work at once to give it effect, and hastened to procure some books in London to brush up his recollections of the rules. The Elements of Euclid were recommended to him amongst the books as containing the instruction he was desirous of imparting to others. Cox had never learnt

ache, and his courage to fail, and after one or two more useless attempts, he shut the book up with an exclamation of disgust, and flung it from him in despair. The partition of the room in which he sat was old, and being merely composed of lath and plaster, the book, flying like a shot, made a hole through it and fell down inside the battens. Cox, in his humorous way, used to tell this story with much glee in after life, remarking that, without doubt, the book was still lying where he had flung it." The experiment was, however, in other respects, rather more successful, and Cox soon got some few pupils. Cox taught for a brief period at Farnham, where he had been appointed teacher of drawing, with the honorary title of "Captain," in the military college, but maps, plans, and fortifications had little interest for him, and he was allowed to resign.

Although, as we shall see, Cox, late in life, became the painter of important works in oil, it is as a great water-colourist he is generally known. His palette was of the simplest, and the use of opaque, or "body," colour was almost unknown to him. His fluent brush and liquid tints gave great richness of colour. "He was intent," says Mr. Samuel Redgrave, "upon obtaining the exact

tone and colour of nature rather than in defining form, and his drawing is loose. His light and shade are good, his keeping excellent, and his figures and cattle admirably placed. He produced a highly artistic, generalised treatment of nature, with great breadth, luminous freshness, and breezy

in life. In a letter to his son, also an artist, he said, "I should never again touch water-colours only for my honour and duty to the society I belong to. I have had more plague with two of my large drawings this year than I should with twenty in oil. In oil you may make alterations,



MOOR ABOVE BETTWS-Y-COED.

motion. Many of his works are highly imaginative, and impressed with the truest sentiment. His sparkle of our English summer in Shower and Sunshine has never been surpassed." "Punch," our kindly humourist and critic, once said, "Next to nature, who can Mr. Punch have better than David Cox?"

This artist made a number of his greatest successes on a kind of rough thick Scotch *wrapping* paper, which held out the colours remarkably well. The story is that he ordered a ream of it, which a friend was to divide, and when it arrived it was found to weigh 280 pounds, and cost £11. Although rather disconcerted by both weight and price at the time, he was sorry afterwards that he had not ordered more, when he found that, being some special make, it was unattainable. It was full of specks, both black and brown. When asked what he did to get rid of them, he replied, "Oh, I just put wings to them, and then they fly away as birds!"

Cox had made an occasional attempt in oil when a young man, but it was not till about 1840 that he took it up seriously, after which he always expressed the wish that he had commenced earlier

but in water-colours you are subject to spots in the paper, and if you alter, the paper becomes so rough that you lose all atmosphere. Small drawings may be made very well in water. Give me oil."

The story of Cox's prices, and those afterwards obtained for the same pictures, is one of striking contrasts. The highest price he ever received for a picture, and that on one single occasion only, was £100; in another case he had £95; his average prices for large pictures were under rather than over £50 apiece in his best days. "The Sea Shore at Rhyl," for which he received £100, has been since sold for £2,300; "The Vale of Clwyd," for which he accepted £95, brought £2,500. Two pictures, for which he received £40 each in 1847, were sold in 1872 for £1,575 and £1,550 respectively. Two others at £40 each have sold since for £2,300 and £2,315 *ss.* respectively. The most extraordinary case is that of "Peace and War,"—a harvest-field scene, with troops marching towards Lancaster. Cox presented this to a friend, a clergyman. This gentleman became subsequently in want of funds, and asked Cox if he would mind if he sold it. The artist bought

his present back for £20. It was sold a few years since for £3,601 10s.!

Cox, who during the middle part of his career lived for a short time at Hereford, and afterwards resided for a longer period near the then Kennington Common, settled down at last at Harborne, two-and-a-half miles from Birmingham, where he had a pleasant house and garden. In the latter he cultivated broad-leaved plants, such as docks and rhubarb, and was fond of Scotch thistles and hollyhocks; these sometimes figured in his paintings. He worked early and late, but dined and rested in the middle of the day. He was out once with a friend at Hastings on a sketching tour. He made a careful sketch of a sunrise in June, and then awoke his friend by flinging pebbles at his

The name of David Cox is inseparably connected with Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvonshire, and other parts of Wales. "North Wales had his heart," "Punch" once told us. "Cox and Wales," said an artist friend, "are synonymous terms." After his first visit to Bettws in 1844 he never missed a season. By degrees other artists and visitors, very much informed and attracted by his pictures, came, and made it a still more famous resort, and then the inevitable modern improvements followed, and the little village and inn were partially spoiled. It would take a good deal to spoil the neighbourhood, with its rocky glens and deep-wooded valleys; its salmon pools, impetuous torrents, and gentle streams; its picturesque bridges and ancient water-mills.



CUMBERLAND DROVERS.

bedroom window, to show what he had done while the other slept. At Harborne, when Cox occasionally dined, quite without ceremony, at the houses of his friends, he "took but little wine, and as soon as he had smoked his half-cigar it was his happiness to have his colour-box out, or, if by artificial light, generally his sepia, and setting to work would make one or two spirited drawings in the course of the evening. Whilst so employed, if any one would play to him on the piano, he was delighted, as he could always get on much better whilst music was going on. He was never happier than when at work." Occasionally he would pay a visit to Holmes, a Birmingham dealer, who exhibited a good many of his works. On one or two occasions, when standing before one of his own pictures, he has been overheard saying in a low voice, as if addressing himself, "Not so very bad, either, David; not very bad, David." Surely a little harmless complacency of this nature might be permitted to a great artist

The old Royal Oak Inn was the head-quarters of Cox and most of the artists; an old-fashioned farmhouse and garden belonging to the hotel were close at hand. Cox, having done so much for Bettws, was always a specially honoured guest, and he returned the compliment in many handsome ways. He painted a signboard in oil-colours for the Royal Oak, the subject being King Charles in the tree at Boscobel, with cavaliers on horseback galloping beneath, and dogs in the distance. An old sign previously existed which hung up in front of the inn, and Cox mounted up on a ladder to repaint it in the way described. Whilst he was busily employed in this position, a lady drove up with whom he was acquainted. "Oh, Mr. Cox," said she, "is it really you? I hardly expected to see you here, mounted up so high on the ladder of fame." This picture was, after Cox's death, carefully preserved in the hall of the hotel, framed in natural twisted branches of oak from which the bark had been removed. A palette and

brush which once belonged to the artist, and which had been gilded, was placed over it. Cox's signboard has been the cause of recent litigation, and was brought up from Wales to the Court of Bankruptcy, it having been claimed by the former occupier of the hotel and also by the freeholder. Its present value is, perhaps, nearly £400. Cox also presented the landlord of his time with a handsome book for the visitors' names, to which he contributed a sketch.

A large double-bedded room was usually reserved for the artist, and on wet days Cox would have four or five drawings, in various stages of progress, spread out on the beds. The privilege of carrying his painting traps and easel was one for which there was keen competition amongst the village lads, for it was regarded by them as one of the highest of attainable honours. The artist was kind, and liberal even, to all with whom he was brought into contact, though his personal expenses were never very heavy. A clergyman, once curate of Harborne, testified to the fact that he had almost always found, when summoned to a cottager's sick bed, that David Cox had preceded him, and had fully cared for the temporal requirements of the family. A pleasing story is told of his kindness to a young artist whom he met at Bettws-y-Coed. Cox had, noting his diligence, asked him to go out sketching with him. The young man's picture was progressing satisfactorily, when he stated that he must leave at the end of the week. Cox guessed the reason, and taking him quietly on one side, said that if it was on account of the state of his purse he hoped that he would allow him to become his banker, and to defray the cost of his board and lodging at the Royal Oak for some little time to come.

The parlour of the Royal Oak in those days was an artists' club, *pur et simple*, and Cox would always be seen there in the evening, seated on the sofa, with his cigar—he smoked no pipe—and his pint of ale, and one or two cronies by his side, willing to listen and willing to teach. "There was no racket, no shouting, no fastness nor slang," says Mr. Solly; "and I have heard French, German, Hungarian, English, and Welsh, flowing on,

like a polyglot stream, at the same time in that same dingy parlour. There on Sunday morning, as regular as Sunday came, there was Mr. Cox's car to take him and any friend to Llanrwst Church; at that time there was no nearer English service. He was a sincerely religious man, with no show, but great earnestness; in fact this earnestness was a great feature in his character in all that he did, and so great was his influence that the most roys-tering son of the brush that ever ventured from Cockayne never attempted to dispute his dictum. Nevertheless he was a mild and kind despot, and ruled more by love and esteem than by any other means. The desecration of the Sabbath was the only way of raising his indignation; he banished his favourite colour-box and brushes totally, and dressed distinctly different on that day."

Some time in the summer of 1849 or 1850 several gay young artists had come down to Bettws, and had put up at the Royal Oak. In the exuberance of their spirits they had amused themselves with painting some coarse caricatures on the walls under the Lych Gate of the church, exhibiting the parson thundering from the pulpit in an undignified attitude, the clerk fast asleep below, and so forth. This much offended Mr. Cox's sense of propriety and decorum; so one evening, soon afterwards, just at the close of the day, he called for a lantern, and said, "I'm going off to Bettws Church to-night." A young man, a friend, who was present, said, "Why, what for, Mr. Cox?" "Oh," he replied, "I'm going to wash off all those unseemly drawings." The young man volunteered to accompany him, and shortly after they sallied forth in the dark, one carrying the lamp and the other a large basin of water. When they arrived at the porch, Cox worked away in his usual energetic style until he had removed every trace of the offending sketches. Many a worse subject for a picture might be chosen than this earnest and venerable old man, with his youthful companion, under the porch and the yew-tree shade, engaged in their pious errand. The life of David Cox, if generally uneventful, had a quiet beauty in it; it presents the peaceful idyll of a true artist's career, nobly and profitably spent.

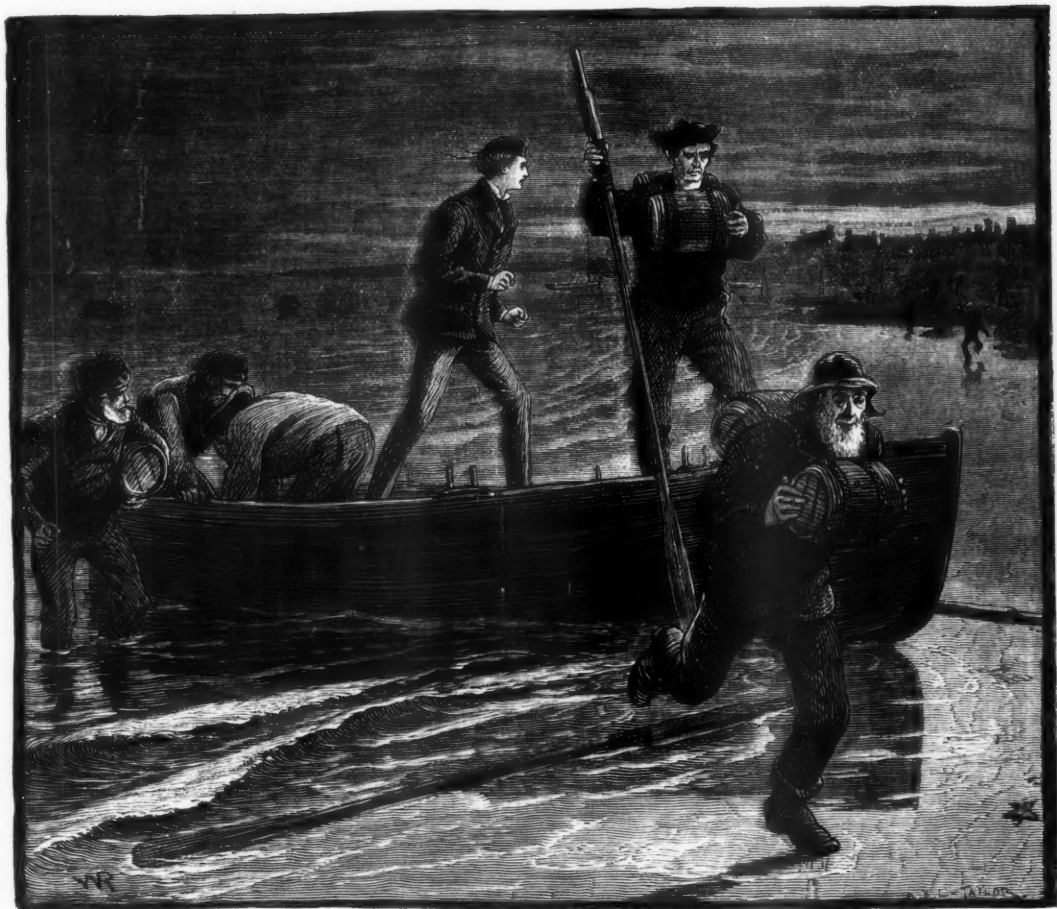


THE HAYFIELD.



"WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.



A SMUGGLING EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER X.

"Methinks a soul like thine should scorn the spoils from such foul foray borne."—Scott.

MEANWHILE Mona had not been feeling very comfortable—as you may suppose—while the conversation proceeded. She had shrunk away from where Danford stood regarding her so earnestly until she was almost hid by the window curtains; but her lover took advantage of the moment when husband and wife divided the talk between themselves. Bending once more near her, he whispered, "Have you no word of

encouragement for me, Mona? Must I go out to fight without a hopeful word from you?"

"Hope always," she murmured. And then the agitation with which she had been struggling for some time got the better of her, and, bursting into tears, she hurried out of the room.

"Poor lassie!" said her father. "It's a bad job every way one looks at it. She is a good girl, is Mona, and she will do just what is right by you

and us. But, doctor, you take my advice. Don't lose time in seeking and getting the only help that can be of use to a man in your circumstances. Ye may keep straight for love o' Mona nine days, but you'll go wrong the tenth, if the grace o' God is no' in your heart."

"I will try. But I am keeping you up too late, and I fear there is no chance of Sholto now. Perhaps he will be here in the morning."

"I hope he knows better than to come travelling home on the Lord's Day," replied John Winton.

"Will you say good night for me to Mona, Mrs. Winton?" I fear I have troubled her too much to expect that she will return from her room this evening." And then Dr. Munro went away feeling very downcast, notwithstanding the fact that he had got over his confession with much less embarrassment than he had anticipated.

Instead of returning to his home, he went for a stroll along the shore, to go over again in fancy those delightful moments when he had stood with Mona under the sunset sky, and heard her acknowledge that she loved him. He had said on that occasion that *speaking out* is not much, after all, when there is a perfect consciousness of mutual attachment, but he knew in his own heart that it *had* made all the difference that there is between night and day.

With such thoughts for his companions, Munro walked farther and farther until he had gone over the whole distance which he had walked with Mona. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the tide was out, leaving the wet brown sand glimmering under fantastic shadows thrown by the clouds. The waves were lapping the shore with that strange, weird sound which suggests the thought of sea-spirits sobbing forth the story of ocean woes, before retreating to the far depths where their homes are. Absorbed as Munro was with his own cares, he yet had some thoughts to bestow upon the scene before him. Seating himself under shelter of a crag he watched the ebbing waters as they flashed under the fitful moonlight, and he found no little relief from despondency in the very romantic occupation.

Presently his attention was drawn to the distant splash of oars, and in a few minutes a boat crossed the line of light, heading straight for the town. At the same moment two men came quietly towards the spot where Munro was, and stationed themselves to reconnoitre on the opposite side of the crag. Before he could make them aware of his vicinity one spoke in a whisper, "I am afraid there is no doubt about her identity."

"Certain, sir. That's the same boat; and look ye, there's the same lady's lad in the stern."

"Poor, foolish boy! Old Winton is much to blame for letting him run about with a set of smuggling fishermen. I wish this job had fallen to some other hands than mine."

Then the two moved stealthily away towards Prestonpans, keeping pace with the boat, which was evidently making for the same place.

Sholto's absence was now explained to his friend, but what to do to save the unfortunate youth from the consequences of this last and most serious difficulty Dr. Munro could not think.

When the lieutenant and his assistant moved away, the doctor got up and gazed eagerly after the boat, and almost fancied, as gleams of light fell upon her occupants, that he recognised Sholto's figure. To follow the revenue men was the first impulse, and this he did, striving at the same time to think how it would be possible to extricate Sholto. Alas! as he walked on he observed Lieutenant Bruce signal men stationed here and there along the shore, who immediately began to skulk from crag to crag onwards in the track of their leader; and the fitful light reflected again and again upon gleaming metal showed that they were armed.

Dr. Munro began to feel eerie as he noted these preparations for a desperate encounter. "If I knew where to lay my hands upon a boat I'd go off and give the alarm," he thought. But no boat was anywhere to be seen, and the nearest place where one was likely to be was the creek behind Inveresk Cottage, where in all probability the smugglers intended to land.

"It is worth trying, however," muttered Danford Munro to himself, and turning from the shore he set off at headlong speed over the road leading to the village. He had won many a race in his time when few were his match at the University games, and never before did he put such will into a run as he did that night, and never when a light-footed boy had he gone so fast as now. Yet he was careful that his steps should make as little noise as possible when he flew over the deserted street.

A light was shining in Mona's window as he came in front of the cottage. She had not gone to rest, and unconsciously Danford slackened his speed as the events of the evening passed through his mind, and he thought of the crowning sorrow which was on its way to the poor girl.

It was only for a moment, however, that he so forgot his urgent haste. Hurrying round the garden he almost ran into Captain Brown's arms. That gallant soldier had been in communication with the cutter's men, and had received a very accurate account of what was taking place. He was desirous of seeing the game played out, and was hiding behind a gable which overlooked the creek, and also commanded a view of the entrance to the cottage—a well chosen position, and one from which he had no desire of being ousted. The lieutenant (as you know) had declined Captain Brown's assistance in the discharge of his duty, but Sholto's rival was not willing to forego his desired revenge for all that, and there were few men he would have less liked to meet at that precise moment than Munro. As for the doctor, he caught Brown by the throat, and shook him with hearty good will, as he demanded what business brought *him* to that particular place at such an hour.

It is scarcely reasonable to question a man when your fingers are somewhat interfering with his articulation, and expect an answer, but Munro was not very sane at the moment, so continued to shake the captain, and demand to know what he meant by his conduct. The noise thus created brought a man from behind the crags upon the

scene, and Dr. Munro instantly recognised him as a young Prestonpans fisherman, relative and comrade of those in the boat.

"Have you a boat at hand, Gray? I want a boat this minute."

Tom Gray thought the doctor must be tipsy, but he wished to get the combatants allured away from the creek, so replied, "Ay, there's a boat along there," pointing west.

"Is she ready? Look here, Gray, you will thank me afterwards if you get me into a boat *this moment*. Friends of yours and mine are in trouble, and I want to get to their aid."

Quick as thought the young fisherman comprehended the whole situation. Bounding towards the crags, all uncovered by the ebbing tide, he reached their extremity just as the boat was coming rapidly towards the landing. "Keep off!" he called out. "Look out, Thomson, rocks ahead."

Evidently the words were a signal of danger well understood, for in a moment the boat was shooting seaward again. Munro drew a long breath, but his relief was short lived, for almost as Gray spoke the revenue men appeared upon the scene. One of their number whistled low and long, and was answered from the sea, and then under the moonlight could be seen the cutter's boats advancing east and west, while the cutter herself, until that moment invisible (having been lying with bare spars in the shadow), appeared sailing rapidly towards the spot.

Munro ground his teeth, and Gray groaned. The captain, having slightly recovered and resumed his position by the gable, chuckled internally.

The fishing (or rather smuggling) boat paused on her way when the new enemy appeared. Indeed it seemed that her crew meant to submit themselves to the powers that be quite meekly. "And since they can't escape," thought Munro, "it is better that they give in without bloodshed."

He little knew the stuff of which those hardy seamen were made. They leant upon their oars with the bow of their boat pointing landwards, and waited silently for the approach of their pursuers. These, thinking the smugglers might make off seaward when the distance between them offered a better chance of escape, drew near warily, keeping their bows to the Firth, and ready to start forward at once. The cutter meanwhile kept tacking slowly in the rear, making escape in that direction almost impossible, and it seemed as though the Prestonpans men were paralysed by the unexpected force brought so cleverly against them. They did not change the position of their boat or move a hand until the cutter's boats had almost met in the rear. Then Thomson spoke one word in a quick deep tone. "*Now!*" he said, and like a living creature his boat flew forward, impelled by six pair of sinewy arms.

The lieutenant and his men had gathered upon the shore at the creek (where Dr. Munro and Tom Gray were standing), expecting their boats to bring the captive one there, and it was not until some moments had passed that they quite understood what manœuvres were being enacted on the

water. Then they made off for the point towards which pursued and pursuers were heading.

But before they reached that spot the Prestonpans boat had grounded and her men were rushing through the surf widely separated from each other, by a preconcerted plan, and carrying, slung over their shoulders, the valuable booty for which they risked so much. Foremost among them was Sholto, whose hands were free from any burden such as the others bore, and his light nimble feet would soon have carried him beyond the reach of capture, but, unfortunately, one of his companions stumbled over some slippery seaweed, and the leal-hearted lad paused to give assistance.

Next moment both were in the grasp of the excisemen. His companion submitted at once. Not so Sholto. Striking out with both fists he knocked over two of his assailants, and just as Dr. Munro came to the spot the impetuous youth was attacking Lieutenant Bruce with a fierceness which was not at all justified by that officer's conduct. He had shown himself to be not over zealous in the whole affair, and if Sholto had not been blinded by the excitement of the fray he must have seen that the lieutenant could have made him prisoner if he wished. "Put up your fists, you foolish boy, and show me your heels," he muttered. Advice which his young opponent would, as likely as not, have disregarded, if Dr. Munro had not come to his side and added, "Off Sholto, and get out of this scrape while you can, for your sister's sake."

No third command was needed, and before any of the other men could come to their officer's aid Sholto had made good his escape through some of the narrow (and for his purpose most convenient) closes of the town. Only two of his companions were in the grip of the law, and the chagrin of the excisemen at being outwitted by a parcel of fishermen may be better imagined than described. The chase after the smugglers was not kept up many minutes, for the pursuers soon found themselves at fault among the lanes and dark unknown paths so familiar to the men of the village. Their boat had been overhauled by the cutter's boats, and was found to contain nothing of a suspicious character except a false bottom, from which some boards had been drawn aside, showing where the contraband cargoes had been snugly stowed away when the craft had passed under the eyes of her Majesty's servants.

Vowing vengeance at some future hour, the men returned to their officer for further orders. As for that gentleman, he was so pleased at Sholto's escape that he actually gave utterance to his sentiments in remarks to Dr. Munro, who had introduced himself as the lad's friend when he found how Lieutenant Bruce was inclined to look upon the whole affair. "Don't tell me that you are one of the lot, doctor, or you will oblige me to put you under ward, which would be a great shock to my feelings."

You may be sure Danford Munro shared in his pleasure over Sholto's escape, and joined in the laugh, but their friendly mirth received a shock.

"Have you seen anything of that sneak, Brown, doctor? It was all his doing, you know, and I



met him skulking about the shore not long ago. I am glad you understood that he was no friend of mine. If it had not been for the presence of my men I'd have told him my mind rather more plainly than pleasantly."

"He got a little of *my* feelings and opinions not many minutes ago," replied Munro. "I ran against him at the creek yonder, by Inveresk Cottage."

"What!" exclaimed the lieutenant, in dismay, "then he may spoil sport yet, for the lad Winton went that way—doubtless to seek shelter in his father's house, where he is safe enough if no one recognised him as one of those in the boat. But if Brown was watching there—whew!"

As if to confirm his apprehension, Captain Brown came hurriedly up to them, his passion having got the mastery of his cowardice for once. "You have let your prisoner escape, lieutenant. He has gone into the cottage there this moment. You must go and arrest him at once, or I shall report you."

The other was too vexed at this turn of affairs to notice the insulting words. With real concern he turned to Dr. Munro, and said in an undertone, "What is to be done? Am I to go and drag the poor boy out of his father's house?"

But before Danford could reply, the boatswain and others, having heard Brown's intelligence, and burning to be revenged for the trick that had been practised on them a second time, eagerly said that they knew the cottage well and could surround it easily. Thus all hope of giving Sholto a hint was lost, and a number of the party set out for Inveresk Cottage.

Some minutes before they arrived, Mona heard small stones rattle on her window. She had not retired to rest, and, wondering, she looked out and saw her brother standing below the window.

"Come and let me in; quick, Mona, but as quietly as possible."

In a moment she was downstairs and had unbarred the door. Sholto threw himself into a chair in the parlour. His hands were bleeding, and his clothes were disordered, and the light of her candle showed Mona that he was in a very pitiable plight.

"I am hunted; I am undone; disgraced!" was all he could gasp, in reply to her terrified questions; and then the tramp of approaching feet was heard. "Did you bolt the door again? Put out the candle, Mona."

Sholto sprang across the room, and pressing his foot firmly on the lower shelf of a small bookcase, it moved aside under the pressure and disclosed the entrance to the cellar which I mentioned before.

"If I had anything I could disguise myself with I might elude them yet," he panted. Quick as possible Mona flew to her room and returned, as the hunters drew near the door, carrying her own plaid. "That will do," he said, muffling himself in its ample folds. "Shut the door after me, Mona, dearest; you know how to manage it." Even in his fear and haste he paused to kiss her and add a word of tenderness—a caress she remembered all her life afterwards.

Next moment there came the knocking which she expected, but Mona never stirred after closing the secret door upon her brother. She had extinguished the light as Sholto desired, and was in complete darkness. She heard her father get up and demand (from the window) to know who was seeking admission at that hour. Then came the reply, which seemed to freeze her blood, "Open! On her Majesty's service!"

There was a short delay, then John Winton came downstairs and unbarred the door. His wife and the servants followed, half-clad, to the top of the stairs, and Mrs. Winton screamed, in terrified accents, "What can it be? Oh! has anything happened to my son?"

Dr. Munro ran up the stairs, and strove to calm her fears by saying that he knew Sholto was well; and Mona came out of the dark parlour and joined them.

"What is it, gentlemen? what seek you in my house?" honest John Winton asked with great composure; and the lieutenant, feeling heartily tired of the job, tried to explain his mission as gently as possible. Few words sufficed. "Come in, come up the stairs, gentlemen; ye're welcome to search the house and take any law-breaker ye find in it. Ay, though he be my own son that ye seek, I wadna shelter him from justice. But, thank God, Sholto is no' here."

"I saw him go in at this door not ten minutes ago," exclaimed Captain Brown. "There was a light in an upper window, and he made some signal, for next moment the light vanished from the window, but appeared at the door, and Winton was let in."

Dr. Munro looked at Mona and knew the truth, but, fortunately, no one else guessed it. All the household had now joined the intruders, who had gone into the large keeping-room opposite the parlour. Mona was quite collected, but there was a sort of contempt in her tone which must have disarmed all suspicion of her complicity. "Do show the gentlemen over the house, father, that mother may have some rest before Sabbath morning breaks."

Lieutenant Bruce had had no doubt of Brown's statement until Mona spoke, but her words, following the honest speech of her father, almost convinced the kind-hearted officer that Sholto was not in the house. It was therefore with some satisfaction that he proceeded to search the premises, and, as you will believe, that search was fruitless, for none of the searchers knew of the secret place of concealment.

When they came into the parlour to prosecute the hunt there, Mona was leaning against the bookcase, and opposite where she stood Captain Brown and Dr. Munro were waiting the others. Danford had contrived to whisper a word in her ear previously, which had told her that he shared her secret, and that knowledge strengthened the girl greatly. It was through his suggestion that the parlour was made the last place inspected. He had even dared to hint to Lieutenant Bruce that the search upstairs ought to be thorough, even if some time was wasted in so doing. The officer took the hint, and lingered in the upper

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apartments, to the great indignation of Mrs. Winton.

She had not fully comprehended what it was all about. That the Queen's emissaries were in search of smugglers was all that she knew, but why they should have come to the elder's house on such an errand she could not guess. Her fears on Sholto's account had been allayed to a certain extent, and even the angry boatswain had not the hardness of heart to tell the mother for whom they sought. But her husband knew, and even the revengeful heart of Captain Brown was smitten when he caught sight of John Winton at one moment. He followed the men to each room, opening the doors for them, but he stood outside while they looked about for the truant, and when he thought no eye was on him John clasped his hands in the agony of swift impassioned prayer. Who can tell what his thoughts were like while his home was desecrated by such a search? Who can tell what wounds were then inflicted upon the self-complacent pride which had so constantly prompted him to say, "I thank God I am not as other men"?

It was when the party were engaged in the search in Sholto's room that Brown saw the father standing behind the door alone; the entreating hands were lifted to wipe clammy drops from his brow, and more than once he staggered against the wall, while broken petitions to the Almighty for strength fell from his lips. Somewhat startled into slight contrition, Captain Brown retreated abashed to the parlour. Even the most callous of the excisemen were smitten with pity at sight of the father's sufferings, and would gladly have left the house without further search, but "the thing has got to be done since began," the boatswain was obliged to say, so they went on doggedly doing their duty.

When John led the way into the parlour at last Mona came quickly to his side. "You look so ill, father dear; it will soon be over now, for this room will be easily got through, and it is the last. Come and sit down." And she led him to an arm-chair standing in front of the bookcase. John's mind was almost reeling, but as she was about to place him in the chair he laid a hand on it to draw it aside, saying to her, "They'll want to get in there too, my lassie."

"No, father, not while I stand here," she whispered, placing herself in front of the concealed doorway.

Mr. Winton looked at his daughter, and in her pale set face and mournful eyes he learned that Sholto was indeed in his house. The grey head dropped on his bosom, and for a minute John lost consciousness. When he recovered the men had all gone, except Dr. Munro, and he was being tended by his wife and daughter.

"The boy?" he asked with bewildered haste.

"Has not been found," replied the doctor. "Compose yourself, Mr. Winton, all will come right."

"What boy does he mean?" cried Mrs. Winton, as a conviction of the truth flashed across her mind. "Surely not Sholto after all. Oh, John, say it was not our boy they were after."

"God help us, wife!" was all John said.

"Danford," Mona suddenly exclaimed, drawing her lover aside, "oh, Danford, go after them. I heard them say that the boats had come round to the creek, and the tide is out. They may therefore chance to find the other entrance to our cellars. The men who were with Sholto know that the opening is uncovered at low water, and they may be tempted to tell of it. Go and prevent such a catastrophe. He may not have got away. Oh, Danford, don't let them find him after all."

Munro went off at once, and, turning the corner, found the lieutenant marshalling his forces, and preparing to embark. Brown was standing near the party, as if to identify himself with them; but all had turned their backs upon the informer, and his feelings must have been of a very unenviable description. The "heat of the fray" was over, and even the boatswain, who had been foremost in the whole affair, had cooled down, and was willing to own that he was glad the old man's son had escaped. All were, therefore, willing to leave the place without more ado.

"No luck, you see, doctor," said Bruce, cheerfully, and the men grinned.

"What are you going to do with the two young chaps you caught and have put in the boat I see?" Munro asked.

"Oh! they will go before the proper authorities, of course; but, unfortunately, they are mere lads, not the ringleaders, so they will probably get off easy. However, this will give the others a fright, and I expect they will drop their dangerous trade."

Lieutenant Bruce had mistaken his vocation, for no revenue officer ought to convey consolation to his prisoners in such a manner.

"Are you all ready, lads? Then let's be off. Good night, doctor. I hope we will meet under happier circumstances again." So saying, Bruce jumped into one of his boats, which pushed off at once.

"Stop a moment!" called out Captain Brown. He had not ventured near when he saw the doctor approach, having a wholesome dread of his strong right hand; but there would be some awkwardness in being left together on the shore at three o'clock in the morning.

To return to the hotel and face the talk of next morning, when the night's proceedings would become the sole topic of conversation, and his share in it would be known to all the village, was not a desirable conclusion to the adventure. Moreover, how could he tell to what lengths the rude fishermen might carry their resentment for the part he had played in bringing their friends into trouble? The ringleaders had escaped, were probably in the village at that moment, though the excisemen declared that they ran off towards the fields inland. And who could say how they might revenge themselves upon the sole individual left to bear the odium which attaches itself to those who strive to enforce the law by the sword of justice? Nor did he forget that the day just dawning was Sunday, and if he wished to leave Prestonpans before ten o'clock he would be

obliged to do so on foot. The captain was fatigued. Also he wished his share in the transaction to be identical with that of Lieutenant Bruce. Moreover, he had heard of rude, smuggling populations being rather addicted to lynch law. And over and above all other reasons he objected to being left alone with Dr. Munro.

"Stop! I am coming with you, lieutenant," Brown called out again, but before he could step forward to reach the boat Danford had caught him once more by the throat.

"Clear out, lieutenant," the doctor shouted, all his passion roused in a moment at sight of the coward who had, right or wrong, been the means

of bringing such misery to the Wintons. "Turn your head seaward, or make off, if you don't want to be called up as witness in a case of assault."

The doctor usually carried a good stout stick in his hand. He had found it useful for more purposes than to swing about in his fist, and the one he held that evening had been cut from the old thorn-tree—a circumstance which he remembered, and which gave emphasis to what followed.

I will not say that Danford did right, or that the revenue officer and men were not to blame for lying on their oars, watching passively while the doctor's thorn-stick did execution on Captain Brown. But there is no doubt he deserved what he got.



A CASE OF ASSAULT

#### CHAPTER XI.

"The pain, the hope, the agony, flash to a sense of mystery."—R. Buchanan.

"GOD help us, wife!" John Winton had said, and by that the poor mother knew that Sholto had taken the fatal leap from folly to crime.

It has been said by Divine authority that no love equals that of a mother, and arguing that it is so, you would believe that Mrs. Winton's grief was deeper than that of her husband. For if the love be stronger, surely its attendant sorrow is stronger too. At least that is what Reason would

have us believe, but Experience tells a different story.

Underlying that maternal affection flows a current of hope which never stagnates, which buoys Love upon its sparkling bosom, never permitting it to sink or fail, purifying it, keeping it free from contact with all lesser qualities. No doubt the mother's love for Sholto was more than that of either father or sister, but "that Hope which never dies" came to her aid and enabled

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her to bear her sorrow more bravely than they did theirs.

In spite of all the scruples of her religion and education, Mrs. Winton found a way of excusing Sholto, even discovered a means of glossing over his faults, until they looked much more trivial than at first. She extolled his better qualities and predicted that some good would follow his present lapse from the right way; and although her husband and daughter could not quite follow the flight of her fancy, they were nevertheless somewhat comforted by her example.

Danford returned to the cottage to assure Mona that Sholto's place of refuge was undiscovered, and he remained with the sorrowing family for a short time, striving to comfort them a little.

No one dared open the door to see if Sholto were still in the cellar, lest the search might be renewed. Indeed, none of the inmates of the cottage, except Mona and her father, suspected that he had been there, and John sat on in the arm-chair with his head leaning against the door which had afforded such a refuge to the unfortunate prodigal, and it was in vain that Mona tried to persuade him to follow his wife's example and seek rest.

"How can I rest," he groaned, "and my son—my only one—an outcast and a wanderer? How can I ever lift my face before men again, knowing that he has brought such shame upon us?"

"I do feel," said Dr. Munro, "that you are exaggerating Sholto's fault very much—not willingly, of course. But if you could but look at it from a more practical point of view—"

"And, father dear," added Mona, "who knows but this terrible folly may be the means of arresting To from going further on a wrong way?"

"That cannot be, my lassie; he has broken the law, and must bear the penalty if he is captured; and if not, he must steal away to hide his disgrace under a false name and in a far country. He can never be one of us again."

"You will not cast your son off?" Dr. Munro asked, in great anxiety. "Of course, he will have to keep out of the way for a time, but—" and then for the first time the whole consequences of Sholto's rashness made themselves apparent, and he felt that Mr. Winton had not stated the case more gravely than it merited.

"Ah! you see, doctor, I am right. My poor boy!" and then the father broke down altogether, and permitted himself to be taken to his bedroom.

Leaving the broken-hearted parents to their mutual grief, Mona returned to the parlour, where Danford was still lingering.

"Will you help me to move the spring? You know the secret of that door, I think?" she said, and together they removed the bookcase which concealed the vault.

"There is no one here but your sister and myself, Sholto," Dr. Munro said, expecting that the fugitive would appear in reply, but there was no movement along the passage or in the cellar.

"I thought he would not remain long there," said Mona; "he would be afraid that the secret would come out. He has made his escape, no

doubt, by the opening among the crags. How I wish I knew where he has gone. My poor To! I hope he will return when he thinks it is safe."

"I hope he did not fall foul of Brown again."

"He would probably leave the vault directly while the men were all here. Indeed I am sure he meant to do so, for he took my plaid to conceal himself in, and you know he would expect that they would be shown this passage. But do you mean that Captain Brown (as I heard him named) is still here? Has he not gone with the others?"

Then Munro told her the fate of his walking-stick, which brought a wan smile upon her lips.

They closed the door again, and the doctor went home, feeling very much as if he were waking from some hideous nightmare.

Such a Sabbath as the day which dawned after these events had never passed over the Wintons before. Such days do not occur often in men's lives, thank God. The elder was not in his usual seat in church, and perhaps that circumstance led his superior to dwell as he did upon the pathetic story of the prodigal, and thus indirectly convey a little consolation to the Wintons, to whom the "worthy minister's edifying discourse" was faithfully repeated by neighbours who were not slack in expressing *their* opinions.

Captain Brown, nursing his bruises in a darkened room in the inn, might have fared ill if he had allowed himself to be seen out of doors, or indeed if it had been generally known that the informer was still in the village.

All that day, and the following night and day, the Wintons hoped that Sholto, if he did not come, would find some means of communicating with them. Danford Munro was even more sanguine, and never stirred out of his own house, believing that the poor lad would seek his friends before long. But when Tuesday evening drew near, and still Sholto made no sign, the doctor went off to inquire at Tom Gray's house, feeling sure that he must know of Sholto's whereabouts. But Gray had not heard of him or seen him since he had disappeared from the scene of action on Saturday night. The young fisherman was in communication with Thomson and the others, but he assured the doctor that Sholto was not with any of them; and he added that Thomson reproached himself for taking young Winton with him, since it had unfortunately happened that the lad was the only member of the party who had been identified, consequently the one most likely to "bear the brunt of the battle," but (Gray said) Thomson had determined, if Sholto fell into the hands of the law, that he would give himself up as the instigator of the whole affair rather than let the lad suffer for another's fault.

None of the men engaged in the adventure had returned to their homes, but no one seemed uneasy on their account, and I have no doubt that anxious wives and mothers had received authentic intelligence of their well-being. That they would have to keep away until the affair had blown over seemed likely, but there was no great hardship involved in their so doing.

During the fishing season (each year) a great part of their time was spent at a distance from



their homes, prosecuting their lawful avocation; and it might easily be supposed that they were so employed at the time they were "wanted." The two young men who had been captured would not give the names of their companions, would not make a single statement which would implicate any one. When questioned about Sholto they declared that he was only "off for a sail," and had taken no part in their transactions; and as there was no selfish interest at stake in such an affirmation, their statement was believed. Had he given himself up to justice then, I have no doubt he would have been very leniently dealt with, and even his faithful friend, Dr. Munro, almost wished that Sholto would take that step, so that his more serious misdemeanours might be set straight before further disclosures came.

But Sholto never appeared.

His name was kept out of reports of the affair which circulated in newspapers and drawing-rooms, so that the world was none the wiser regarding the cloud which shrouded him from even the longing home-hearts. Captain Brown returned to Edinburgh two days after he had made the acquaintance of Dr. Munro's trusty cudgel, and wisely held his tongue, but vowed revenge all the same. Lieutenant Bruce cleverly evaded giving direct evidence against the men still "wanted," so the two who had been caught were fined heavily for the articles found in their hands, and sent about their business; and it was expected that the others would take fright now that they found that the law was in earnest, and give up smuggling henceforth.

On Wednesday Danford reluctantly gave up all hope of Sholto's return, and sadly betook himself to Inveresk Cottage, scarcely knowing how to meet them all without being the bearer of any comfort, yet longing with all his heart to be near Mona in her sorrow.

He was met by Mr. Winton, who, to Danford's surprise, shook hands with much warmth as he said, "Ye'll forgie any hard words I used to you, doctor, or any hard judgment I may ha'e meted to you and others. I'm thinking I ha'e been striving to take the mote out o' my brother's eye while the beam was in my own a' these years."

It had cost the self-righteous man something to make such an acknowledgment as that, and perhaps nothing less than the domestic calamity which had befallen him could have wrung such words from John Winton. But if John was righteous over much he was an honest-hearted man, and ready to own himself in fault when his clear good sense showed him that he had been in the wrong.

"I suppose ye've no' brought any news?" and rough John's voice was pathetic in its tone as he put the question. So pathetic were both tone and glance that his companion could only reply by shaking his head mournfully.

"Alas! poor, laddie! we can only pray that the Almighty may keep him from aught that is rash or mad. But—" and the strong man's face became deadly pale as he shook with fear, "I have had strange thoughts since—since Sabbath evening,

and I went into yon cellar that ye know about, and searched every corner, fearful of what I might find. Who can say what he might be tempted to do in his hour o' despair? Oh, doctor, it is awfu' to feel as I do. No' a glimmer o' light anywhere. My soul yearning after the puir lost laddie and yet canna find him. I cry wi' the Psalmist, 'My son, my son, would God I had died for thee.'"

"No wonder that you feel so, Mr. Winton. The events you have gone through would shake any nerves, but I think you need not fear. Grief naturally distorts judgment a little, and I confess it is rather inexplicable that Sholto has neither joined his seafaring companions nor come to you or me. But I do not have the same fear about him that you have."

Then suddenly Danford stopped, for his thoughts had reverted to a certain pistol locked up in his Den, among surgical instruments and cigar-cases. He walked across to the window, and remained buried in painful thought until Mr. Winton spoke again.

"It's a' very dark. I canno' make it oot. The boy is no' a deep-schemed chap that could plan a way oot o' his difficulties, and manage it so that no folk could get upon his tracks; and mair nor that, Sholto loves us, and wad ken weel how much we wad suffer if we never heard tell o' him. Oh, doctor, I canno' but think he would show some sign if he were among the living;" and John groaned pitifully.

Danford came back to his place near the old man, and spoke with his accustomed cheerfulness.

"You are carried away by your feelings, and you judge Sholto wrongly. He is certainly wanting in moral firmness, but not in moral courage."

"I'll no' say but what that's true, doctor, but then what is courage without firmness?—a mere flash in the pan. It's like a dram that brings a momentary sort of strength, but leaves the drinker a' the weaker afterwards. I tell ye I put no trust in the sort o' courage Sholto possesses, and he is unstable as water besides."

"Nevertheless, none but cowards seek refuge in suicide. I speak plainly because I am *now* not one bit afraid that Sholto has committed such a piece of madness. Let us not lose sight of all his better qualities, Mr. Winton, in face of the failings which have led him into such misery. He is a brave, warm-hearted fellow."

"Thank ye, doctor; your words are better than medicine for a malady, and I wish I believed them. No' that I'm going to give up all hope o' Sholto. God forbid! I wad be dishonouring the word o' Him whose servant I am if I were to limit His power to bring back a prodigal. It may be as you say, and the lad may bring blessing to some one ere he dies; but I fear it will no' be to the auld faither, whose grey hairs he has brought with sorrow to the grave. The Lord who made me his faither will direct me how to judge him, and how to deal with him. But there noo. I am no' just able to argue about this matter. I can only do as my lights direct. Gang upstairs and ye'll find Mona with her mother. Poor things!"

Gladly availing himself of the permission, Munro

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sought the pleasant best-room, where mother and daughter were striving to regain a degree of composure by religious conversation. The door was ajar, and as he came softly towards it the young man heard Mona say, "Yes, mother dear, I am sure you are right. The prayer of faith cannot fall unanswered to the ground—we must rest upon that belief in this and in all our trials. Oh, how thankful we should be that we have that to fly to in all our sorrows."

"I did not mean to be an eavesdropper," said the lover as he entered the apartment, "but neither of you will grudge me those few precious words I am sure."

He was welcomed warmly by Mrs. Winton's hands eagerly stretched out, and by Mona's grey sad eyes. Of course the first subject broached was the all-engrossing one, and great was their disappointment that Dr. Munro had no fresh intelligence to give.

Notwithstanding her great trouble, Mrs. Winton was not forgetful of Mona's interests, and after exchanging a few remarks with Danford regarding Sholto, the mother retired, leaving the young couple alone.

It was the first opportunity which they had had for private conversation since the evening when their mutual affection had been acknowledged, and Danford had been longing ever since for a chance like the present, but now it had come he did not know what he wanted to say most, or how to begin.

If he had been certain of the position he was supposed to hold towards Mona he would have known very well how to act. As it was, I must just tell you that he both looked and felt like even self-possessed men of the world sometimes look and feel in the presence of the women they love. Danford Munro looked foolish and felt uncomfortable, and Mona was the first to break the awkward silence which followed the maternal exit.

"If it had not been for this great trouble about dear To I had intended asking you to come and talk to me, Danford, for I felt that I had left a great deal unsaid that ought to have been settled that evening. Only—only—Well! Perhaps what I would have said was meant for you to hear and no one else. Not even my dear old father."

"Say what you please, only say it so," and Danford took her hands into his firm clasp as if he never meant to let them go.

"For this once, then, it shall be so," she answered. "Now listen to me, Danford; I am not so good and wise as you are in most things, but I think I can judge for you and me at present."

"I know it. I know you are able to guide me as you please."

"But that is not what I want to do. After what you told me I am sure you think yourself that we ought not to consider ourselves engaged; ought not to remember what passed that evening. We ought just to be friends as we were before, until you are sure that the new life has dawned for you, and with it the power to conquer your enemy."

"Stop, Mona. You are right, of course, and I have no desire to ask any pledge from you that you will wait indefinitely for what may never be.

But I ask you this: Is it possible for us to be *just friends*? Is it possible for me to feel towards you only as I did before?"

"Danford, if we cannot be friends we must be strangers, for—anything else is out of the question in present circumstances."

"Well! that is for you to decide. I dare not urge my wishes. I can only pray you to remember your words when we stood beside the old thorn-tree."

Mona made no reply, but her fingers twisted and twined about each other after their usual manner when their owner was deeply moved, yet striving to conceal her agitation.

I need not repeat the conversation which followed, nor the expostulations and vows which were exchanged. Mona unburdened her soul, and Danford listened in respectful wonder at her simple and pious words, which were like the revelation of a new world.

## CHAPTER XII.

"God be with thee, my beloved! God be with thee! Else alone thou goest forth."  
—E. B. Browning.



WHILE that conversation was going on in the best-room a very different one was proceeding in the parlour, for shortly after Dr.

Munro went upstairs Mr. Thornton arrived. The worthy merchant had come on no pleasant errand; yet, to tell the truth, he sometimes rather enjoyed sitting in judgment on fallible mortals. He was so far above the failings of mankind that it did his pious soul good to utter solemn platitudes and show men less wise than himself wherein they had erred. And of all men, John Winton was the one who (in Mr. Thornton's opinion) most required to

have his eyes opened to his own want of wisdom, for when exchanging religious experience Mr. Thornton had frequently observed that John's sense of honour, interpretation of Scripture, and daily mode of life differed very widely from his own, consequently John's way could not possibly be the correct way, and it was clearly his superior's duty to enlighten the elder. Yet Mr. Thornton was not altogether wanting in kind feeling, and when he noted the change which a short week had wrought in his friend he hesitated to enter upon the painful topic which he was there for the purpose of discussing.

However, Mr. Winton spared him all perplexity by commencing the subject himself. "Doubtless ye were surprised that I did not reply to your letter which I received last week, Mr. Thornton, but I expected my son to be here that same evening, and I thought it best to postpone communication with you until I heard what he had to say."

"If I remember aright there was no exact complaint laid before you in that letter—we merely requested an interview."

"Yes, that is true, but I inferred that ye were no' satisfied with Sholto, and I believed I ought to hear my son's views before consulting you."

"No doubt you acted as you thought for the best; but I cannot help thinking that if you had come straight to us on Saturday, what has happened since might have been averted."

"I canno' see how that could be until I hear what ye had to say on that day."

"What I had to say then is not different from what I have to say now, only I am sure if you had come to us on Saturday you would have gone to your son's rooms at once; and after what you would have said to him he would not have been in a mood to go off upon that madcap adventure. Indeed, he would more likely have accompanied you home, and submitted himself to the rebuking of a Christian parent."

"I acted as I judged best at the time. We cannot foresee what will occur. Now will you kindly proceed with your communication, and no' mind if I am a bit short at times?"

"Mr. Winton, I do not wish to add one pang to the sorrow which has come upon you, but I must tell you what has been discovered. We had been suspecting for some time that your son had begun to go wrong, and at last we feared that he had not been acting quite honestly towards us. Moneys received and moneys in hand did not tally—there was something wrong somewhere. I need not enter into the details of the plan we arranged by which the errors were detected. We *did* detect them, and proved beyond all doubt that some one had been defrauding the firm of large sums."

Mr. Thornton paused, for at this juncture a spasm of intense pain convulsed John's face, and the speaker's heart was smitten with a sympathy that did not often stir within him. There was a long pause, then Mr. Winton said,

"Go on, please."

"That he had been hard pressed, and did not mean to continue in such a course was shown on Friday, when we found that one hundred pounds

of what had been taken had been replaced. Of course he had no suspicion that we knew anything about it, and we judged it best to say nothing to him, since he had begun to retrieve himself. But we felt it would be only right and Christian-like to take you into our confidence, for of course we should have had to dismiss him, and we were willing to give the youth a chance by allowing his father to assist him to save his character in the eyes of the world."

"Thank ye," John said; and the bowed head—only bowed since Saturday—dropped lower yet upon his breast.

"I am exceedingly sorry for you, Mr. Winton. I am a father myself, and I can understand how this must affect you as the respected elder of a church, also—"

"How much money is still owing?"

"I mentioned that one hundred pounds of what had been missing was replaced last week, though where it came from we cannot guess. I took a note of the remainder. Here it is—£215 10s. 6d. What a lad of his age could do with so much money in so short a time I cannot imagine. Thank God! I do not know how wild fellows waste good money. Jack is steady enough." And Mr. Thornton handed a business-like statement of the missing pounds, shillings, and pence to Sholto's father. He had intended adding to it a warning against the sin of training a child in the way he should *not* go, but he refrained—for, self-righteous and opinionative to a degree, Mr. Thornton was, as he said, a father, and could in a small measure sympathise with a father's grief.

While John was reading the scrap of paper, reading it over and over as if his brain refused to comprehend its import, Mr. Thornton made allusion to the smuggling incident. "You should get him off to the colonies, Mr. Winton; a fine field for such hot-blooded young fellows—hard work, not much chance of getting into any scrapes more serious than tumbling off a horse."

"When Sholto comes to me for direction I shall consider your recommendation, at present I do not know where he is."

Mr. Thornton did not understand that, but thought it politic to appear as if he did.

"Ah! hiding till this affair blows over. I trust he will lay this lesson to heart. You must not allow yourself to sink under your trials, Mr. Winton."

"We will settle about this paper, if you please,"

Mr. Winton interrupted, and, drawing his desk in front of him, he took up pen and wrote a few words beside the figures as set forward by Messrs. Thornton, then methodically fixed a stamp to the paper, and while filling in a cheque for the amount requested his companion to "receipt the bill."

As Mr. Thornton proceeded to do so he glanced at the words John had written, then paused. "I think that is too strong, really I do," he exclaimed. "I am not one to gloss over sin, as you know, but I think you have put it too hardly, really."

"It is the truth, and I would feel easier if this business were settled now altogether."

"But this is a large sum to hand over at a moment's notice; really, Mr. Winton, you are too hasty. We don't want the money. In fact we would not mind losing it altogether. It was not about the sum that we felt concerned, but about the moral wrong. And to put it so strongly as you have done in this paper seems—well—No! no! I am a father myself, and I can understand that you are anxious to wipe out the lad's debt, but there, it can wait. You must not be too hurried in business matters, and really that receipt is too strongly worded—really."

"I do not think so. Your signature, please."

"As you will, as you will," and Mr. Thornton wrote his name across the paper which read thus:—

"Received from John Winton the sum of £215 10s. 6d., being payment in full of the amount taken from our firm by his son Sholto.

(Signed) "Robert Thornton,  
"Pro Messrs. Thornton."

This receipt and a cheque for the money changed hands. Then John said quietly, "We ha'e known and respected each other for many years. We belong to the same church, and I believe to the same Master. May I ask, for the sake o' that Christianity whose name would be reproached if the world knew that my son had gone so far astray, that you will no' let this matter go further than ourselves?"

"Certainly, certainly. We never meant to tell any one but yourself. In fact my own son Jack, Sholto's friend, has not been told, and I hope you understand that we do not respect *you* less. Business transactions will not be affected by this unhappy affair; and I trust you will be supported in your trial." Prating thus, Mr. Thornton closed the interview, and returned to his office in Leith, well pleased with himself and all the world.

And John Winton sat on, fronting his desk with that receipt spread out before him. He sat on till the shadows of evening had gathered in the room, and his thoughts were very bitter ones. Once Mona came in with some tea, and he covered the paper with his hand while she sat beside him and coaxed him to eat and drink. He spoke very little, but what he did say was spoken in a cheerful tone, and he stroked her bright hair, and called her his "bonnie lassie" more than once, and the girl left him with a lighter heart.

Later she returned to the room, and finding him still sitting as she had left him, became a little uneasy. "Why have you not got a light, father? It is quite late, and mother is away to bed an hour ago. I am going upstairs myself soon—that is, if I cannot be of use to you." By that time she had lit the lamp and saw how pale and worn he was.

"Dear father, how I grieve for you;" and seating herself upon his knee, she stroked his rugged features softly, while tears also fell upon his face.

As soon as she had gone, he got up and barred the door, as if he could not feel utterly alone with God unless he knew that there was no possibility of any one coming into the room. Then falling on his knees, with that fatal paper spread still before

him, John Winton humbled himself in spirit as he had never done in his life before.

But even while he prayed, memories of Sholto rose up like pictures before him. Bit by bit he went over the years of his boy's short life. All the hopes in which he had indulged when Sholto was a beautiful, winsome child. All the dreams, all the plans of later times, when the child of his old age seemed to be all that fond parent-heart could desire.

Oh! young men, if you only knew the brooding hearts of your parents you would restrain yourselves more. But you never think how much you cause them to suffer until you yourselves are sorrowing over erring children as those aged or dead parents sorrowed over you. I do not believe one out of hundreds of young men who "go wrong," do so in perfect knowledge of the shame and pain which they cause to others. It is only when, perhaps, they return to look upon a sealed face that can neither reproach nor forgive any more, that they learn what a power the child holds over the parent's heart.

If Sholto had but seen poor John Winton then, it must have been the means of arresting him from all future folly. And he *did* look upon his father's agony, for while John knelt, absorbed in thought, the bookcase glided softly aside and his prodigal stood before him. That he had not expected to find any one in the room at that hour was evident by the startled exclamation to which he gave utterance. John rose to his feet at once, and father and son stood facing each other in perfect silence. The poor lad looked half famished and altogether wretched. His clothes were soiled, his bright hair dim and matted, and the grey eyes, so expressive of the tenderest feelings, were bloodshot and laden, speaking mournfully indeed of all Sholto had lately gone through. He stood before his father trembling and shame-stricken, and John's yearning heart could not stand so abject a sight. He held out his hands, and Sholto, bounding forward, fell at his feet, sobbing, "Father, forgive me."

"Poor laddie! poor laddie!" said John, raising him in his arms with a caressing action which he had seldom used even when Sholto was a helpless baby, for John had the common Scotch notion that to be demonstrative was to exhibit a certain want of manliness.

"Oh, father, how I must have grieved you! I never thought how much you would feel my wickedness, or how wicked I had been."

There was, as Dr. Munro had said, some good qualities in the lad, for his chief care *now* was not of self, but of those who were suffering so much for him.

"Why did you not come home, my son, at once? Why have you hid from us?"

"I was afraid to face you. I thought you could not forgive me; but I *have* been home. I came here every night to find food, or I must have starved."

Then while they had slept the poor runaway had been under their roof, stealing into his father's house, abstracting his father's bread as a felon might have done, and they never guessed it.



"Where have you been hid, Sholto?"

"In Preston Tower. I did not stop a moment in the cellar, for I feared they would soon find it out. I ran across the fields and got into the castle. If it had not been for Mona's plaid I should have been discovered, for I passed some of the excisemen returning to their boat, but they did not recognise me, and so I got safely into the tower and have been there ever since, except while here in the night."

Mr. Winton went to the cupboard, and with trembling hands put food before Sholto, who only eat a small portion, while his father stood by, every feature working with the strongest emotion. In a short time Sholto pushed the plate from him.

"I am not hungry," he said, in a boyish way that almost provoked a smile from his father, notwithstanding the tragic state into which his whole mind had been worked up. He seated himself in front of his desk, where Messrs. Thorntons' receipt still lay, and speaking slowly and gently, he said,

"The wrong you did in going with these fishermen is no' what lies heaviest on my heart, Sholto. After a' that was but a bit o' youthful heedlessness and a sin agin men's laws, which are no' aye just what they should be. Of course I ha'e felt it a disgrace sae far, but that wadna' have weighed upon my mind like the breaking of God's commandments. Ye meant to confess a', I ken, and confession is the first step to amendment."

"I'll tell you everything, father, I won't keep anything back."

"I ken a' that ye have done, Sholto."

Sholto covered his face with his hands and wept like a child.

"There is hope in your tears, my son; and I know you are suffering a' the pangs that sorrow and remorse can inflict. So I will no' speak mair than I can help. I wish ye to see this paper and to know that as far as he could your father has helped you."

Sholto took the receipt from the trembling hand that held it, but as soon as he saw the amount his face flushed hotly, and he burst forth, "You should not have paid all that money. It is not fair—it is—oh, how hard this is. Father, you have been robbed."

"It's a big sum," replied John, not comprehending what Sholto meant. "It cost me hard work to save it, no' that I mean to reproach you on that score, but just to waken you to the value o' money. But I dinna care about the amount. If it had been the savings o' my lifetime I'd have given that and mair to find you as ye were a year ago."

Sholto's chest heaved and he passed his fingers restlessly through his disordered hair, as if he were trying to make up his mind on a difficult question. He was, in fact, hesitating whether or not to tell his father of the part Captain Brown and Jack Thornton had taken in the affair. A certain sense of honour seemed to forbid his blaming those who had really been the means of leading him astray, and yet he wished to be open and quite frank with his father.

"Did Mr. Thornton tell you, or Dr. Munro?" he asked.

"The doctor told part first, but Mr. Thornton was here this afternoon informing me of what had taken place. He was considerate, and the matter will never be known beyond ourselves; so you have every chance of retrieving yourself, for the world will not know that ye ever fell."

Sholto's mind was in too confused a state to think calmly at all. Perhaps if he had been less under the influence of excited feeling he would have seen that there would have been some relief to his father in knowing that the son's personal share in the money transactions had been much less than was supposed. But with all his versatile youthful weakness, Sholto had the spirit of a strong-hearted man in him, and he disdained to shift the blame upon others. Like a man he said to himself, "I will bear it;" and he kept silence.

Mr. Winton had rather hoped that Sholto would tell how he had wasted the money, and he said, "I hope, in using such a large sum, that there was no' sin deeper still added to the sin o' taking it?"

"No, no, father. I can't tell you. I don't feel free to tell you how the money went, but the taking it, though for others rather than myself, is the worst fault I have committed, believe me—that is if you will still consider my word true."

"Yes, I'll take your word. Then are there no other troubles ye've been in that ye need to have set right?"

"I owe Dr. Munro £100, but he will wait till I can pay it myself. It was given to replace some taken—like this" (pointing to the receipt), "and you can't think how good Dan was to me. It was he who came to my assistance and advised me to do right."

"I've changed my opinion o' the doctor. But we will speak about yourself. Now tell me, Sholto, have you asked yourself, during these days, how all this is to end?"

There was a long silence, and then Sholto answered, "No; at least all I did think was that I would try and creep away somewhere, and you would never be troubled by your naughty boy any more. Only I could not go away until—" He paused, as if afraid to speak, and his father asked, gently, "Till what, my son?"

"Till you said you forgave me. Oh, father, will you, can you ever forgive me?"

"God grant that when I stand before Him His forgiveness may be as full and free towards me as mine is towards you, my son."

Sholto lifted his haggard handsome face and looked at his father for the first time during their interview. And for the first time, too, in his life he then got a glimpse of the real tender heart which lay hid behind John's rough exterior. For the first time his son appreciated the real nobility of nature which guided Mr. Winton's actions.

"You are too good to me, father. I wish I had known your goodness before."

Notwithstanding that he was worn and anxious, the lad had not lost his confiding boyish expression, and John was very much struck just then by the frank guilelessness exhibited in the pleading gaze that met his own.



It seemed to say that Sholto was not so lost as circumstances would indicate, and that his *heart* was still guileless though his *head* had proved itself sadly weak and wrong. It gave John some comfort to believe this. Laying his hand upon Sholto's arm, he resumed,

"Yes, I forgive you entirely for all the shame you have brought to my door; for all the anguish you have laid upon your mother's heart. But though I do forgive thus completely, I dare not, for your own sake, cover your transgressions."

"I do not wish that you should, father. There is a sort of comfort in being severely dealt with. Not that you have been severe. I wish you were. I think I could bear your anger better than your kindness;" and again Sholto sobbed.

"This will never do," said Mr. Winton; "we must try to be more composed, and consider what is to be done for your future. A sort of scheme has been forming in my mind that might be feasible if you can brace yourself to bear what you know is inevitable exile from home and all of us."

"Yes, father, I can bear anything since I do not carry your curse away with me. I have learned a lesson I shall never forget, and, with God's help, I shall never so fall again."

With that wonderful buoyancy which formed a chief feature in the lad's versatile character, Sholto had risen from the depths of desponding sorrow to the heights of rosy hope. His father's unexpected gentleness had acted like magic on his sensitive disposition, and he was now as ready to yield implicit obedience as formerly he had been reluctant to follow the paternal commands. Misunderstandings of the sort most frequently occur through some slight jarring of the cords of sympathetic feeling.

"Tell me what you think I ought to do, and I will do it, father."

John Winton thought within himself, "If you had spoken so a year ago, all would have been well to-day," but he merely said,

"That is so far right. Now listen to my proposal. Ye know I have some friends in Melbourne, worthy well-doing cousins who have no' forgotten old times, and who wad give you assistance, and put you in the way o' earning your living honestly. Ye will have to work, Sholto, work hard, and retrieve your fallen character, but if ye seek Divine aid you will be strengthened for all that lies before you. I will give you what money I have at hand, and you must try and get away unobserved. Maybe if ye could get up to Perthshire to your Uncle MacAlastair he could suggest a way of seeing you to Liverpool, and so on board ship; ye are too inexperienced to manage it a' just by yourself."

"I am sure I can get to Perthshire undiscovered, and I could wait there until the search after me had been given up."

"Yes, I think this plan wi'll do. Your uncle will be kind and helpful I doot no', though he is no' much o' a business man; but if ye stay a bit wi' him ye will have time to consider yourself; and your clothes and other needful things could be sent there for you."

John took a roll of bank-notes from his desk.

"Fortunately I had not paid the harvest hands, and have this money ready, so that there will be no difficulty about presenting it. This will carry you to Melbourne, and a little over. And here is the address o' our cousins there. I will write to you under cover to them. Your future is in your own hands, my son; walk warily, and see that you are on the straight and narrow road."

"And you will say good-bye to mother and Mona for me," the poor boy said in broken tones, "I could not bear a parting scene; but tell them I will come back to them under flying colours, or not at all."

"I certainly am glad you have not expressed a wish to see them, for I think it best you should no'. It would be more than your poor mother could bear. And yet, Mona, dear lassie, would wish to say good-bye, and has strength o' mind to bear the parting with Christian courage. Do ye think it would be safe to wait here till morning?"

"Oh no! I dare not wait here. Don't you know that that fellow Brown has set spies upon you all? I saw his servant coming to the village yesterday; he passed the castle on his way from the station, and little knew who was behind the ruined walls. And when I was here last night I heard him talking through the window to one of your maids—Janet, I think. If I am seen near the cottage I shall be captured."

John mused for some time. "You ought to have some rest, and you cannot start off as you are, your appearance would create suspicion."

"I can rest in the old tower as well as in my bedroom. I found a sheltered nook and piled straw there, and it makes a comfortable enough place. I will go and wait there all to-morrow, then I will start off in the night and be out of this neighbourhood and danger before morning."

"I'm thinking how your sister wad like to say a parting word. I could go up and bring her down the noo if—"

"No, father; no! I could not see Mona and go like a man. I couldn't indeed! I'd break down altogether," and he shook from head to foot.

"Maybe it is best no', then. But you must have some clothes. Some o' your things are here, are they no'?"

John's thoughts were as clear as possible just then, and he remembered everything that was necessary—even the little details which some people would have considered ludicrous to think about at such a time. But John Winton was not a sentimental man, and he was sending his son away as like what a respectable youth ought to be as possible. He went softly up to Sholto's room and brought down a number of garments, which he hastily tied up in that day's newspapers, lying unread and unnoticed beside John's desk, and while he was so occupied Sholto said: "Tell Mona where I was all the time—in Preston Tower—and she will remember how I used to joke about being buried there. And tell her that I slept there, rolled up in her bonnie plaid, and that I shall wear it *always*, and cherish it as the sole memorial of the best, the truest, sweetest sister in the world. While I live Mona's plaid shall lie

across my heart to keep it true to her and home."

"There is another memorial that I want ye to keep near your heart, my son. See, here it is; your mother's kirk Bible. I ken she will like to know ye have it, and ye'll no' forget the words ye've learned at her knee. Ye'll lay them to heart and let them guide you, will ye no'?"

Sholto took the Bible and kissed it before placing it reverently within the folds of his plaid. John's fortitude was ebbing fast, and his brain began to reel. "Ye had better go now, Sholto, but I will see you again. I will come up to the castle to-morrow after dark. If I don't come"—and John's voice became solemn, even awe-inspiring—"if I am not there soon after dark, ye will know that something has come to my knowledge which must put a separation as wide as death atween us. If I dinna come, go forth, buckle on your armour, and fight manfully—"

"May I not venture to come back and see you? Anything unforeseen might prevent your coming to the tower."

"No, Sholto; promise me you will *not* come. It would be running a fearful risk wi' that knave skulking about. Promise also that you will not communicate with *any one* in Prestonpans until you can do so with proof to show to all the world that you have retrieved yourself."

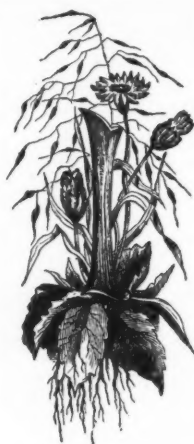
"Dan will expect to hear of me."

"I will explain to the doctor; give your promise, Sholto."

"I promise, father." And then Sholto bowed his head on his father's shoulder, and John kissed him. He had not kissed his son since Sholto was a laughing child, and for one moment John forgot the present, and called his poor prodigal by a pet name which had been discarded years before.

"God bless my boy—father's sonny." Then he recollected. "I mean, Sholto, my son. You go from me blessed and forgiven; may the Lord keep you from all evil." There was deep silence whilst Sholto leant on his father's bosom, then they parted. The door behind the bookcase opened, closed, and the lad was gone.

"If he keeps his word I have guarded him from knowing *all* that he has done until he is man enough to meet the trial like a man. Alas! I fear I shall never live to see him come again. Poor Sholto my much-loved son," and then John Winton fell heavily to the ground and lay there motionless, insensible, unconscious.



## The Merry Spring.

NEED must sing, my heart  
is light;

If thine be dull and ach-  
ing,

Look up, look up, the sky is  
bright,

And stormy clouds are  
breaking.

What ho, what ho, the  
merry Spring!

See, Winter vexed and va-  
nishing;

Who robbed the tyrant of  
his sting?

Who but the merry, merry Spring,  
To life and love awaking!

Away with tears; there be but few  
That do not speak of sorrow;

Unless, like sunshine on the dew,  
A beam of hope they borrow.

Lo, on the lawn, so newly cropped,  
The diamonds that Spring has dropped,  
What time the morning star o'er-topped  
The eastern hills, and lingering stopped  
To bid the day good-morrow.

And the sweet sound we call the breeze,  
Its wandering way betaking,

The murmur of the swelling trees  
Into fresh beauty breaking;

This is her voice low whispering,  
That is the rustle of her wing.

Come, lads and lasses, let us sing:  
Ho, for the Spring, the merry Spring,  
To life and love awaking! S. E. G.

## Sweet Violets.

SWEET violets, once more I view  
The mystery of your purple hue;  
Your odorous breath once more I feel  
Like far-off music o'er me steal,  
While tearful joys my soul imbue.

Ye glisten as with childhood's dew;  
I see the banks where then ye grew;  
Founts of remembrance ye unseal,  
Sweet violets.

For children still your fragrance shew,  
For ever fair, for ever new;  
But while fresh beauties ye reveal  
Still to the Past appeal:

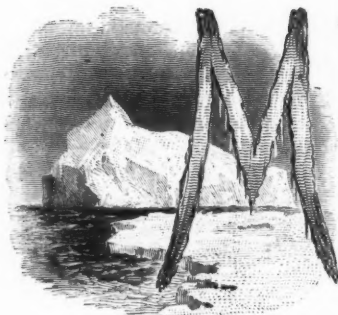
Be kind to Hope, to Memory true,  
Sweet violets.

RICHARD WILTON.

## CRUISE OF THE YACHT EIRA,

AND DISCOVERY OF NEW LANDS IN THE FAR NORTH.

BY W. J. A. GRANT, F.R.G.S., ONE OF THE EXPEDITION.



### A R G A T E !

What a place to start from for the Arctic Regions! It was on the 9th of June, 1880, that we found Mr. T. V. Smith's fine steam yacht *Dobhran*, waiting to take us on to Peterhead.

The sea was calm, but there was a drizzling rain, and as we stood at the end of the pier, waiting to have our great pile of luggage taken off to the yacht, we could hardly feel sorry at the prospect of leaving damp England behind us for some time.

Mr. B. Leigh Smith, whose name is well known in connection with Arctic discovery, having in former voyages added much to our knowledge of the northern coasts of Spitzbergen, more especially with regard to the extent and true position of North-East Land, was determined this time to build a new ship specially constructed for the work. The result was the *Eira*, a barque of 350 tons, measuring 135 feet in length, and 25 feet beam, with engines of 50-horse power. She was made extremely strong, and had a "doubling" of iron bark to prevent her planking from being torn and chafed by the ice; and her hold was fitted with iron tanks, which at first were filled with coal, but which afterwards received the blubber of the animals that were shot.

There were twenty-five of us all told, including Mr. Leigh Smith and our doctor, Mr. W. H. Neale, besides Captain William Loffley, the ice-master, two mates, the chief engineer, Mr. Esson, and the second engineer. The crew was a first-rate one, chiefly composed of men who had for years been accustomed to ice navigation in the whaling trade, and all anxious and eager for the work before them.

On arriving at Peterhead, and going on board, we found things in rather a backward state, and, really to look at the ship, it seemed as though we should not get under way for another month, for the carpenters and painters were still hard at work. However, by Saturday, the 19th, we managed to get the workmen out of the ship, and when the

last box had been put on board we steamed out of the harbour and were free. Next day we reached Lerwick, in Shetland, and having taken on board some more coals and a few extra necessities, we made our final start on June 22nd.

Now as to where we were going no one on board knew—not even Mr. Leigh Smith himself, for he wisely determined to be guided entirely by circumstances, and if the ice prevented him from getting far north, or finding anything fresh to do in one direction, he could then try somewhere else. He settled first, however, to steer for Jan Mayen Island and see what there might be done up the east coast of Greenland and to the north of Spitzbergen; so, after leaving Lerwick, the ship's head was at once turned towards Jan Mayen.

On the 28th we came in sight of the huge mountain Beerenberg, on Jan Mayen Island, and by 9 p.m. were nearing it fast. The weather at the time was lovely, and for a wonder we were already among ice. Generally at this time of the year there is no ice to the south of the island. Now it was pretty loose, and added much to the beauty of the scene, which was worth going hundreds of miles to see. The water was calm and blue, and thousands of looms and other Arctic birds were hurrying past us, while the midnight sun, being low, caused the ice to look more beautiful than ever. The mountain in front of us rose out of the sea to the height of nearly 7,000 feet, one great mass of ice and snow. We did all we could to reach the land before a fog, which was seen coming on, should cover all in mist and gloom; but we were unsuccessful, for by 4 a.m. of the 29th, when the ship came to an anchor, the fog had done its work, and prevented our seeing more of Beerenberg. We nevertheless landed on the island, which is entirely volcanic. An immense amount of lava is to be seen everywhere. All the craters on the island seem to be quiet, for we saw no smoke or eruption of any sort while we were there. At noon we came on board, and soon after had to clear out quickly as the ice was coming fast into the bay where we were.

We steamed out through loose ice to the north-east, but soon came upon the main pack, and had to go in a south-easterly direction and steam hard all night to get clear of the ice and avoid being beset, and perhaps driven on to the island. After a good deal of bumping and banging about we managed to clear a point of the main pack,

and were then able to steer in a north-easterly direction again, though through loose ice all the time. On July 2nd and 3rd we were in a deep bight in the ice, and here we got among the "bladder-nose" seals, and in the two days killed over three hundred. The bladder-nose is a most ferocious animal for a seal, and will always attack a man if he comes to close quarters

with him on the ice. Most of them were shot from the ship's deck, but a great many from the boats that went in pursuit. As soon as any are seen on a piece of ice the ship's head is at once turned towards them, and slowly we steam up. As we approach they take alarm, and waddle off into the water and are lost, unless they are shot before diving off the ice. They often allow themselves to be "charmed," and many a seal has lost his life by listening too long to a certain Irish ditty, which they seemed to like better than any other. At first I imagined this to be nonsense, but I soon found that it was a fact that if you sung and holloed at them directly they raised their heads they would nearly always wait a little before making a rush to the water, but all the singing in the world would not stop them when once they began to waddle away.

After this sort of work our decks were in a fearful mess, being half filled with blubber and skins, but when the process of "making off," or taking the blubber from the skin, was over, the ship assumed her normal state of cleanliness. During the next few days, as we worked along the pack edge towards the north, we had nothing but fog, but on the 6th Mr. Leigh Smith determined to push through the ice in the hopes of reaching the

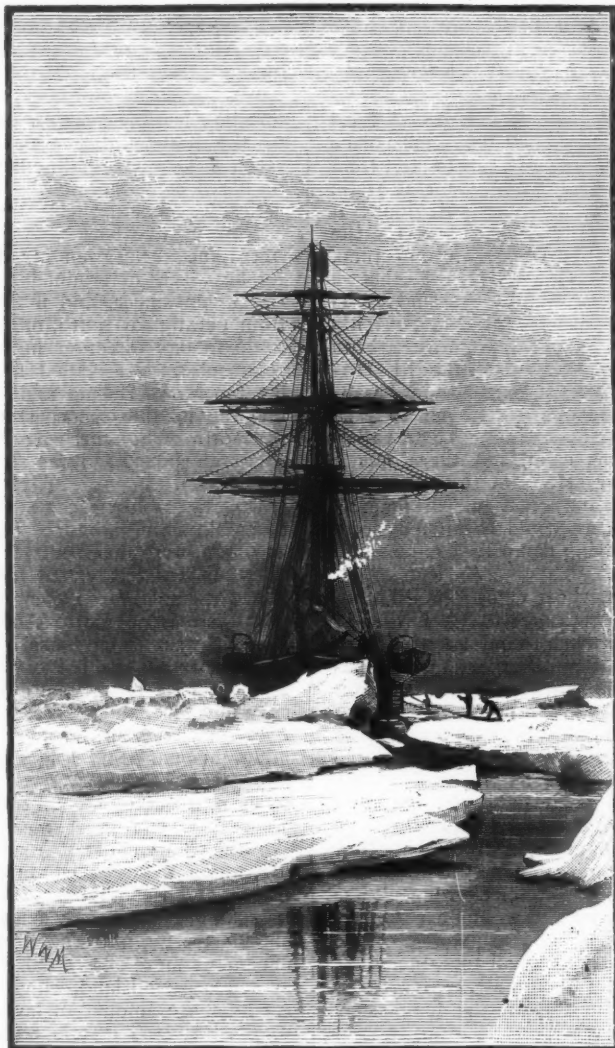
east coast of Greenland, somewhere about Cape Bismarck, and, if possible, from that point to explore the hitherto unexplored coast towards the north, or whichever way it might trend. As it turned out, the ice on the coast was, this year, extremely close and heavy, and nothing could be done in this direction.

The 6th and 7th were two most unpleasant days,

as we could see nothing, nor where we were going; sometimes we were anchored to a floe, and sometimes we poked along as best we might in a north-westerly and westerly direction. On the 8th we went full speed through fog and among ice, which was still of a loose description, but by 11 a.m. came to a stop and had to anchor to a large floe. The weather, though still foggy, was better, and by 10 p.m. we had worked our way a long distance into the ice, and were hoping we might get sight of the land before long. The ice became closer, and we were having a fair share of bumping and charging.

The floes were now very large, with only narrow lanes of water between them. These lanes were continually being blocked with ice, and the farther we pushed on towards the west, the less chance there seemed of our ever reaching the land. However, we pressed on, past vast

fields of ice, until the afternoon of the 9th, when it was found that we could not go a yard farther. The weather was now lovely, a blue sky and bright sun, and from the crow's-nest nothing could be seen but snow-covered ice, with small patches of water here and there. It really looked as though we never should be able to reach the open water again, but by the 11th we were well out of the close ice and among loose sailing ice. We had only been able to get as far west as 5° 50' west in



STOPPED BY THE ICE.



latitude  $76^{\circ} 12'$ . On reaching the water we steered towards the north, as Mr. Smith now intended to try to reach a high northern latitude to the north of Spitzbergen, but in this he was again disappointed, as we found the ice there close down on the land in one unbroken pack.

At 7 p.m. on the 11th, two ships were reported from the masthead, and these proved to be the whalers. That night, as the three ships lay together in the still, quiet water, was spent by all hands in visiting and being visited.

The next day all three ships steamed northwards, and at 3 p.m. we came to an anchor at a big floe. We parted company the next day, the whalers making for the south and more whales, while we continued our course northwards towards Spitzbergen, which we sighted on the 14th, at 8.30 p.m. On the evening of the following day we were approaching the north-west point of the land, and, as it was fine, had a magnificent view of the snow-capped mountains and glaciers, which were as beautiful as ever. Passing the well-known landmark, Cloven Cliff, we finally anchored on the 17th to the land ice off Welcome Point, and were quite unable to proceed farther.

Here we met three Norwegian walrus sloops, and from all accounts this seemed to be a bad year for ice in this part of the Arctic seas.

The weather was now lovely, absolutely calm and clear, and seldom have I seen the ice and hills beyond looking more beautiful than on this occasion. It was too fine to go to bed, so we wandered about over the crisp snow till morning. The doctor, who had walked over the hummocky ice to the land, reported on his return that nothing could be seen to the north or east but close-packed ice. As no good could be got by remaining here, Mr. Smith decided to leave at once and see what could be done in the direction of Franz Josef Land, so at noon on the 18th we steamed away westward again. Soon after leaving the ice a strong gale from the south-west set in, and it was with some difficulty that we came to an anchorage under Amsterdam Island. We wanted now to take in water, but the weather was too bad, and we had to wait; next day, though the gale still blew with great violence, we were able to land, and visited the old Dutch graveyard, which presented a most dismal appearance, for bones and skulls were strewn about in all directions, nearly all the coffins having been broken open. It was here, some two centuries ago, that the Dutch established a whaling station, and for years whaling was carried on in the neighbouring seas with great success, but now all that remains are the ruins of the boiling-houses and these few scattered bones. In 1878 the Dutch sent out a granite stone, engraved with a suitable inscription, which was brought here by the schooner William Barentz; and here it now stands in memory of the gallant men who had discovered Spitzbergen in 1596, and of others who had died on this very spot.

On the 20th we steamed towards the islands known as the Outer and Inner Norways, in hopes of getting water, but we were quite unable to come to an anchorage, the ice being jammed tight in between the islands and on to the land, a most

unusual thing at this time of the year; we were compelled therefore to steam back again, and this time we anchored right at the head of Smeerenberg Bay, near South Gat. Here we found, and took in, water, and proceeded southwards on the morning of the 22nd. We were not, however, able to go far, for we met a strong south-westerly gale which obliged us to seek shelter in Magdalena Bay, a little to the south of our former anchorage. The scenery at the head of this bay is very fine, the mountains running up into high peaks, while glaciers flow down between them. Here we had to remain for three days and then were able to work our way down the coast towards the South Cape of Spitzbergen, which we rounded at midnight, July 30th, and steered eastwards towards Hope Island; but as we neared the island we had again to change our course, having met with ice, which became closer and closer as we advanced; we therefore had to steer a south-westerly course for some little time and keep a good way to the southward before again being able to put the ship's head in the right direction.

On August 2nd we had some little excitement, for we came among some bottle-nose whales, and at once the two whale boats were lowered, and all chase made, though quite unsuccessfully, for in spite of every effort it was impossible to approach the brutes, which insisted upon coming up to breathe on every occasion hundreds of yards from where the boats were. So we gave it up and proceeded. For some days we pushed forward with varying success, in frequent struggle with the ice, and checked often by the fog. What a difference the sun makes in the Arctic regions! When he shines everything looks beautiful, but without him, and more especially of course during a fog, all looks gloomy and desolate. For some time we had to hang on to a floe, and continued driving with the ice in a northerly direction.

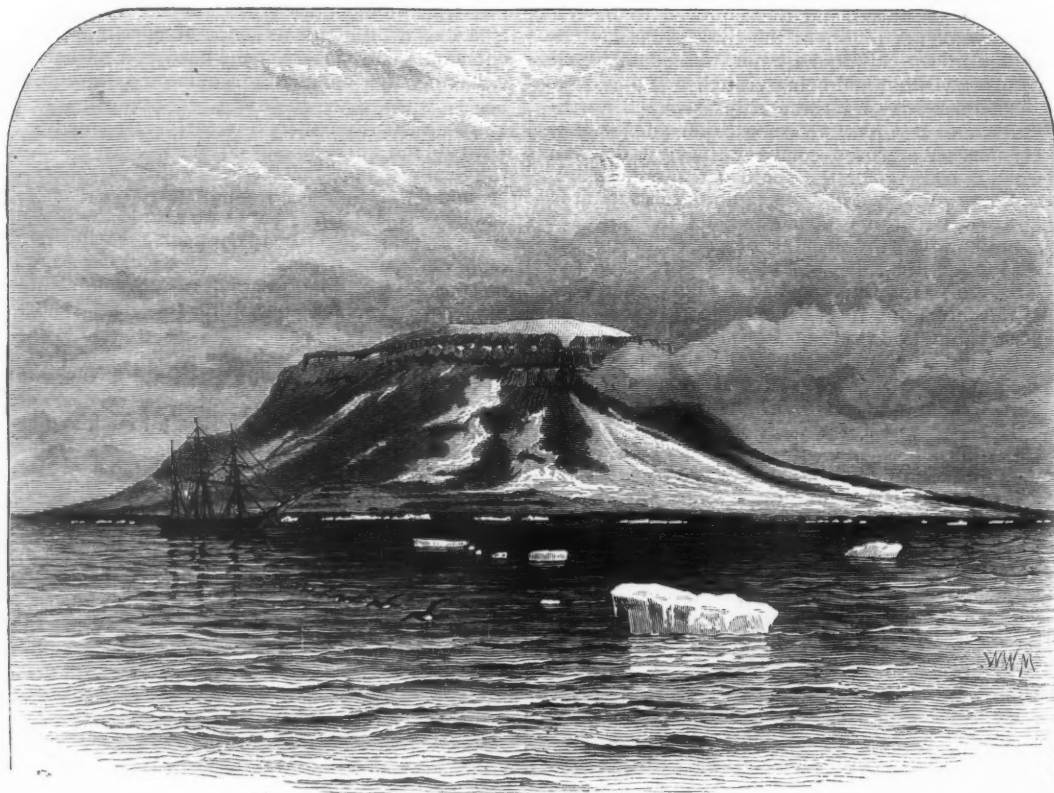
Nearly all the time the fog was thick and wet, and there was nothing to do but wait and see what turned up. We amused ourselves in various ways upon the ice, the men playing football and other games. On the whole our position was not a very pleasant one, for we were now a long way in the ice, which was quickly closing in, owing to a strong south-easterly wind springing up.

When the fog at last cleared and the sun came out, nothing could be seen from the crow's-nest but ice, ice, ice. In the south-east a little water was seen, and towards the south-west were lanes and patches of water. We could go no farther north, and again beaten had to make the best of our way out. This was no easy matter, but by dint of continual steaming and working the ship through narrow lanes of water and between vast fields of ice, in a zigzag course, towards the south-east, we eventually found ourselves in a large pool of water, through which we sailed after a long delay caused by another fog.

On the 12th we encountered a strong gale from the south-west, and this was the first real knocking about met with, and it was the more unpleasant owing to the fact that there was a good deal of pack-ice at one time to leeward, which, if the ship had struck against it, would have proved as

dangerous as a line of reefs. When the weather moderated, which it did on the 13th, we found we had been driven as far south as  $78^{\circ} 17' N.$  lat., but we were now clear of the ice, and once more under steam made an attempt to reach the land; and this time with success, for by 4 p.m. on August

hung over the snow-capped hills to the north of us, but we had at last reached the land, and that was all we cared for at the moment. On our way we had passed many icebergs, some of them very large, and it may be remarked that all the icebergs met with up here were quite unlike those



EIRA HARBOUR.

14th the ship was anchored to some ice attached to a small island which lay but a short distance to the south of Franz Josef Land.

We were now some fifty miles to the west of Wilczek Island, where the Austrian ship *Tegetthoff* was abandoned in 1874, so that all the land which Mr. Leigh Smith discovered, and laid down to the west of this point, may be considered entirely new-found land. The Austrians, during the spring of 1874, explored Franz Josef Land to the north beyond lat.  $82^{\circ} N.$ , but did not travel to the west farther than Mount Brunn, which lay about thirty-five miles to the east of our present position, though from the top of that mountain they saw land to the west and north-west. The Dutch schooner, *William Barentz*, too, in 1879, also sighted the land, when she was somewhat to the east and farther south of where we now were, and she was the first vessel that ever sighted Franz Josef Land and returned, for the poor *Tegetthoff*, firmly frozen in to her icy dock, had to be abandoned and left to her fate.

The afternoon was dull and gloomy, and mists

to be seen in Baffin's Bay and Davis Straits, for the latter are always huge angulated masses of floating ice, while these were nearly always quite flat on the top, and of enormous size, many of them being miles in length, and averaging from 150 to 250 ft. high above the water.

Some of our party at once went in pursuit of some walrus, which were seen not far off, while others climbed over the heavy hummocky ice to examine this the first new land. It was but a small island, scarce 200 ft. high at the highest point, but for all that there was a great charm in putting one's foot on hitherto untrodden shores.

The rocks forming the higher part of the island were entirely basaltic, and the scene from the top was bleak and desolate-looking in the extreme, for the weather was dull and gloomy, and heavy clouds of mist hung over the land to the north of us. Below lay the ship, quietly anchored to the floe, and in the far distance could be seen the walrus boats, while now and then could be heard the reports of the rifles as the first of the Franz Josef Land walrus were being fought and slain.

There was no wind, and all was still except for the shrieks of the ivory gulls (*Pogophila eburnea*), which we had disturbed in their nests. Of these beautiful birds we afterwards captured seven, taking them from their nests, but one only survived, and this one, the only living specimen in England, Mr. Smith gave to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. On returning to the ship we found the walrus boats had come back, and after having taken on board the skins, some of us again went in chase, and in a few hours bagged seventeen of these huge brutes.

The sport is most exciting, especially when there are a number of walrus all round the boat, for they often become very bold and ferocious, and when harpooned try their best to dig their tusks into the boat and sink her. The skull of these animals is so hard, that, unless a bullet is sent exactly into the right spot and into the brain, there is no chance of killing them, and it is not always easy to do this while the brutes are plunging and diving about all round you. One can generally get a shot at them before they leave the ice, but unless your aim is perfectly true you might just as well shoot into a haystack.

the neighbouring land, and Mr. Smith was able to take a good set of bearings.

We had hauled our boat on to the ice which remained fast to the shore, but as ill luck would have it, on our return we found that the ice had broken away, and boat and all were quietly floating off. This at first sight did not look pleasant, but fortunately it drifted towards a point of loose ice, and by jumping from piece to piece we were able to reach our boat, and eventually the ship.

On the morning of the seventeenth, while anchored to a floe, we suddenly had to shift our position to avoid being smashed by a great flat iceberg, against which we were rapidly driving, and soon after a grand sight presented itself, namely a fight between an iceberg and a large floe. It generally happens that when a floe comes into collision with a large berg, especially if the latter be grounded, the floe is broken up at its edge, and it is cut into by the berg, but in this case, after the berg had torn up the floe all round it, the latter got the better of the fight, and simply overturning the huge mass, bore it along in its midst.

After this we were able to get clear of the ice,



FARTHEST POINT REACHED BY THE EIRA.

Soon after this we had to leave the island, owing to the ice which was now driving fast down upon us, and the next few days were spent in dodging and keeping clear of the ice. The weather was now bad and misty, and it was impossible to explore farther to the west until it cleared. On one occasion when anchored to an enormous floe several miles in length, we saw three bears which we hunted and shot. Before leaving for the west we landed on another island, and there left a record firmly soldered up in a tin case. From the top of this island, which lay somewhat to the west of the one first landed on, we had a good view of

and steamed towards the land we had seen in the west, and by 6.30 p.m. were passing along an entirely new coast. As it became very foggy we had to lie to, and employed the time in dredging, and from two hauls secured a very fair amount of marine animals, which eventually went to the British Museum. This fog was most provoking, we could only see the loom of the glaciers and dark patches of land as we drove past; but soon after midnight it lifted. We went ashore and wandered about, making the most of our time in collecting specimens of the rocks and flowers, which on this part of the coast



were found in great quantities. I do not think, however, that we came across more than thirteen varieties, and these are for the most part to be found in Novaya Zembla and other Arctic lands.

Next day the mist having cleared, our course was continued to the west, and, rounding an island, as it turned out to be, we found ourselves in a very snug harbour formed by two islands, and it was not long before this place took the name of "Eira" Harbour. To the north of us were high cliffs, forming as it were a huge amphitheatre, and below them was a flat plain, some 600 or 700 yards wide, coming down to the water. In some places this plain was hard and solid, while in others it was soft, and covered with moss and other vegetation. The cliff to the east was most peculiar, being topped with basaltic peaks, running up like needles, and the whole forms a first-rate landmark for any ship wishing to make the harbour.

For the next three or four days we used the harbour as a shelter from the strong gales which now came on with great violence; but whenever the weather moderated and was clear we made expeditions from it, sometimes endeavouring to push farther to the west, and sometimes steaming up the neighbouring fjords and examining the coasts. On one occasion the wind blew with such fury down from the hills, which should naturally have acted as a shelter, that in spite of our having two anchors down, and steaming full speed ahead all the time, we were slowly being driven on to an iceberg which lay right astern of us, and were only able to bring up when but a few yards off it.

On August 20th we saw three bears roaming about on the shore, and immediately went in chase. By landing at some distance from them we were able to get behind them, and they were not aware of our approach until we were close up; they then made a rush for the water, and we at once knew their lives were in our hands. The two boats which had remained in readiness now closed in, and a bullet in the head saved the mother from witnessing the degrading spectacle that followed. It was better for her to die than to see her two children secured with ropes, dragged ignominiously on board, and forced into casks. It would seem at first sight a difficult matter to get two strong young bears safely placed in casks, but the men were quite equal to the occasion, and when all was ready each bear was hauled into his cask, by passing the rope attached to his body through the bung-hole from the inside. The casks were then made into cages by having the fronts fastened across with strong iron bars. All this was done amidst a great deal of snarling and growling, though no one got bitten. The bears never became tame while on board, and, except when asleep, kept up a most dismal wail. They ate seal blubber, though of all things they seemed to relish tinned meat most. They were afterwards given to the Zoological Gardens in London.

We tried hard, also, to bring home a young walrus, but, in spite of all our efforts, were unable to do so, for the mother fought so well that she was nearly able to sink our boat, having stove it in with her tusks. We had to kill her in self-defence, and the baby walrus immediately made off, and

took good care to keep far away from the boats. As long as the mother is alive, even though wounded, the young walrus will always stick by her, but as soon as she falls it hurries away as quickly as possible. On another occasion I saw a young walrus playing about in the water near its mother, but the instant it saw the boat approach it climbed on to the mother's back, and with its flippers so effectually covered up her head (the only part of her out of water) that it was impossible to shoot without injuring the young one.

On the 21st we steamed up a deep fjord, the scenery about which was wild and desolate in the extreme. Nearly all was glacier, and this looked indeed a land of ice. There was a certain grandeur in all this, perhaps, not to be seen when more land comes into the view. Up this particular fjord there was little else visible but huge glaciers rolling down into the sea, though here and there a bluff, black headland projected up through the ice. Even the bays and inlets were formed by glaciers, and the place seemed fit for nothing but bears and walruses. After this we tried to round a cape farther to the west, but being again stopped by ice, we returned to Eira Harbour.

Along the shores of the harbour we found a great deal of driftwood and the ribs and jawbones of whales, while on the hillside a good deal of fossil wood was collected. Among other specimens brought home was a fossil fir cone, which shows that at one period trees grew on this now glacier-covered country.

On the 23rd the weather became clear, and from a cliff some 1,200 feet high, we had a fine view of the surrounding country. To the south was the sea, and far away on the horizon could be seen a white line of ice. To the east and west were snow-covered capes and headlands, while to the north was seen an endless undulation of glacier and inland ice.

It seemed now as though we might be able to push to the west, which we accordingly did on the following morning, and, after passing through a belt of ice and rounding a cape, found fresh land opening out and trending more to the north-west, along which we steamed full speed, but by 9 p.m. on the 24th we were brought to a final stop, and quite unable to proceed farther. Our position now was  $80^{\circ} 20' N.$  in about  $45^{\circ} E.$  long. From this point we could still see the land trending away for some forty miles towards the north-west, and it still remains to be proved whether it continues to trend to the north-west, or else runs in a northerly direction right up to the Pole. The night was wild and the scene looked very dismal; snow and mist, one or two bergs, and the dreary land north and east of us. We could do nothing, so hung on to the floe, and were drifted with it towards the south and south-west throughout the night, having now and then to change our position to avoid being beset or crushed by a berg. The whole mass of ice was now driving down along the land and taking us with it, so we steered again to the east, and, finding a large bay as we coasted along, entered it. The bay was about eight miles in length, and fully four miles of it was covered with a fast and unbroken floe. We



had left the ship to shoot some walrus that had been seen on the ice, and while the men were skinning those shot we heard a sound as though a hundred cannon were being fired off, and on looking up saw that a large piece of the glacier at the head of the bay, and some two or three miles from where we stood, had broken off. The whole floe began to crack up all round us, in spite of the distance we were from the glacier, and it was a grand sight to watch the huge mass of deep blue ice majestically rise and fall, as it ploughed its way through the floe, until at last it found its floating level in the water. During the whole time a roar, as of repeated thunder, was heard, and the floe was cracked up even to its edge, at a distance of at least four miles from where the iceberg had broken off from the glacier.

On the following day we found a bear asleep near the carcasses of the walrus we had shot, but on our approach he awoke and ran off. However, after a long chase for some two or three miles over the ice, we brought him to bay at last among the piled-up hummocks at the foot of the glacier, and shot him. On returning to the ship we found that a bear had been visiting it, and had refused to go away until two charges of shot had been fired into his face by Mr. Stephen, the first mate, and Mr. Crowther, the second mate, who boldly got on to the ice to fight him, together with the cook, who was armed with a whale-lance. As we came up the bear was slowly walking away, and disappeared in the mist before we could get a shot. We now left this bay—afterwards called Gray Bay—and soon encountered some very bad weather, and for the greater part of the next two days the captain had to do all he could to prevent the ship from being driven on to a lee pack or crushed by the ice, which was now in great commotion. At times the gale blew with great violence, but on the 29th we were able to steam to the east

again. Eira Harbour was now full of ice, and there was a good deal all round the western part of McClintock Island. After anchoring close under the land, some forty miles to the east of the harbour, in order to obtain shelter from a gale and some heavy squalls which blew right off the shore, we coasted along McClintock Island until the morning of the 30th, when we were close under Cape Tegetthoff.

We were now at that part of Franz Josef Land explored by the Austrians, but had it been possible Mr. Smith would have pressed to the east and north-east; he was, however, prevented by pack-ice, which entirely blocked the way, and our course was now south-south-easterly, until we came under Wiczek Island, and close to the spot where the Austrian ship was abandoned. As we could neither go farther east nor west, and as the weather began to be extremely stormy, it was decided to make the best of our way to the south. For the first few days after leaving the land we passed through a good deal of loose ice, and as the weather was stormy and foggy, a good look-out had to be constantly kept.

We now steered a course for some 360 miles to the south, keeping close to the pack to the west all the time, and it was not until we reached lat.  $75^{\circ} 30' N.$  in  $46^{\circ} 30' E.$  long. that we were able to make any progress towards the west.

Mr. Smith wished, if possible, to reach Wiches Land, which lies to the east of Spitzbergen, but the whole pack was so tight that we could not find the smallest opening anywhere. Continuing our course for about another 350 miles, we found ourselves, on September 10th, close under the south-west point of Hope Island. It suddenly became very misty, and a strong gale from the south-west springing up, for the next three or four days we were tossed about at the mercy of the waves. This was a most unpleasant time, for we suddenly



A BANQUET.

came upon a great quantity of small grounded icebergs, and on one or two occasions the ship was within an ace of being dashed against their rugged sides. The fog made matters worse, and what with the island to leeward of us, and the bergs and the pack to the east and north-east, we were very glad to get clear on the 14th, when, the weather moderating, we steered across the entrance of Stoe Fjord, in Spitzbergen, and then right up to the head of the fjord, where we anchored on the 17th. After taking in water, and about fifty tons of ballast, at Lee's Foreland, some thirty miles farther south, we made a final start for home on the 22nd, and reached Hammerfest on the 25th. From here we passed through the beautiful fjords of Norway to Tromsøe, and thence, under charge of a pilot, to Bodø, and finally arrived at Peterhead on October 12th.

Meteorological observations were taken throughout the cruise, and geological specimens from the new land were brought home. These have been examined by Mr. Etheridge, the well-known geolo-

gist, while Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, has examined and classified the marine animals, and Sir J. Hooker the flora.

It remains still a question as to whether the road to Franz Josef Land is open during most years, but should it prove to be so, and should it happen that another Arctic Expedition ever be sent towards the Pole, Mr. Leigh Smith's recent discoveries will be of great importance, for this would seem to be a most suitable land along the shores of which to make sledging journeys towards the north, and a most desirable basis of operations. It is impossible to say whether another attempt to reach the Pole will ever be made, but even if it be not, there is still an immense amount to be done in exploration and useful scientific work in this direction. People are often inclined to wonder what good can be got out of such expeditions, but every little helps, and as long as we are able to add something, however small, to the world's store of knowledge, we cannot be said to have laboured in vain.

### The Burial of Titian.

**T**WAS noon in Venice—autumn's golden prime :  
The blue sea laved her marble steps with light ;  
But in her palaces the radiant time  
Was dark with terrors as the blackest night.

Along her liquid ways moved pitiless  
The great Destroyer ; where his shadow fell  
Was panic ; and the cry of fierce distress,  
And strife of demon passions loosed from hell.

The frantic mother dropped her stricken child,  
The son forsook his father bowed with pain ;  
Nor priestly rite could stay the tumult wild,  
Nor sternest law the plague of death restrain.

In tranquil chamber where the sunlight shed  
A softened splendour, touching with rich grace  
Forms scarce embodied, lo ! there lay one dead,  
Whose Art hath won him an immortal place.

The canvas stretched its glowing breadths in vain :  
The " Christ of Pity " pleaded, prone and chill,  
While holy tears washed white the nail's red stain,  
And angels watched, high mission to fulfil.

Unfinished ever ; such the schemes men frame :  
The haze of death wraps fairest forms in cloud :  
One burden soundeth on the heights of fame  
And in the lowliest vale : " Bring forth the shroud ! "

Through stricken Venice, swift from isle to isle  
Sped the awed whisper, " Titian is dead ! "  
The world's bright pomp, and Beauty's radiant smile  
Were mocking shadows in the tidings dread.

But Art than Death is greater : she hath sway  
Beyond the grave's bare limits : this new grief  
Subdued the louder woe, and filled the day.  
\* \* Bear forth the victim, burial rites be brief !

So ruled the guardian law : not so, not so  
Could Venice cast him from her mother breast !  
On princely bier, by tender hands laid low,  
They bore her painter to his chosen rest.

A thousand deaths were round them ; and the air  
Throbbled with the unseen Presence winged to slay ;  
But slowly through San Marco's silent square  
The sad procession wound its solemn way.

A stately gondola, by tapers shrined,  
Past mart and palace—past the dying—sped ;  
The funeral chant, low as the sighing wind,  
Soothed the plague-stricken : Titian was dead !

W. STEVENS.

## SUSSEX FOLK AND SUSSEX WAYS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COKER EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

IV.



SHORTLY before the new poor-law came into operation, and when our times were almost at their worst, we had a labour farm, called "The Bough Farm," on which were employed, at the expense of the parish, fifty or sixty persons for whom employment could not be found elsewhere. A labourer on the

farm happening one day to pick up a dead robin, was struck with the sudden humour of giving the robin a public funeral, and such was the powerlessness of authority at the time, that two days were actually wasted by all the hands on the farm in carrying out this curious freak.

The social state of our parish at that time it is now very difficult to realise. I have before me the copy of an official return of our churchwardens and overseers for the year 1825, by which it appears that out of a population which in 1821 had been estimated at between 1,600 and 1,700, "the number of persons who had been relieved permanently during the year" was 782, and "the number of persons who had received casual relief during the year was 75," making a total of 857 paupers out of 1,700 inhabitants. The "total disbursements for actual relief of the poor" during the year amounted to £3,078 12s. 11d., and the total parochial expenditure for the same time to £4,299 5s. 0½d. I have not the valuation of the parish for the assessment of the poor-rate for 1825 by me; but in 1818 the whole rental of the parish, the area of which is 7,277 acres, was computed for poor-rate purposes at £3,912 10s., and the poor-rate itself for that year was 26s. in the pound on the assessment, though it must not be left out of sight that the assessment was confessedly little more than half the real value; still, 13s. in the pound on the true value was a crushing burden.

The official return for the year ending March 25, 1878, gives our total amount of poor-law expendi-

ture, including county rates and the like, as £1,125 10s. 7d. Our assessment is now £10,450, and our population 2,232, so that times are indeed changed for the better in this respect.

A parochial broad-sheet, published in the agricultural interest in the year 1830, after a series of calculations, brings out the annual loss on farming operations within the parish as £15,488 17s. 6d.!—a statement, indeed, amply justifying the pathetic paragraph which follows: "Which annual loss clearly accounts for the farmers having become so reduced that they are obliged to give up their occupations, and as others succeed, they also share the same fate, and are obliged to give place to others, and at length the farmers generally are on the brink of ruin. This statement is not peculiar to the parish of Burwash, but will apply to the agricultural parishes generally in this part of the county." As the paper is headed "Yearly Average of Payments and Receipts on Land for Eight Years ending Michaelmas, 1830," and as it sets the total capital invested in agriculture in the parish at £49,000, the average annual loss of £15,488 17s. 6d. during the preceding eight years must no doubt have been serious.

The mathematical powers of our East Sussex folk have never, I imagine, been great, a weakness which a good old schoolmaster of a past generation, in a neighbouring parish, once turned to account in avenging himself on some agricultural friends who had invited him to dinner, apparently with the design of making him drunk. Their unkind hospitality was but too successful, and the good "dominie" unwittingly fell into the snare. At last, however, finding himself failing, he said, with a sense of conscious superiority even in the moment of his supreme weakness, "Well, gentlemen, if I am drunk, I can ask you a question which you cannot answer. What is two-thirds of three-fourths of a shilling?" and having said this, he collapsed.

When meetings were being held in this district to promote the Tunbridge Wells and Hastings Railway, one considerable argument employed was the facility which the new line would offer to farmers of getting their produce to market. At a meeting in our own parish a question was put to one of our principal parochial agriculturists, as to how much of our home-grown wheat went out of the parish? to which inquiry he replied, that he should think about three-thirds. Whether the answer attracted any particular attention or not, I do not know, but the audience probably was not

critical. It was one of our less highly educated parishioners who always used to plant her potatoes in crooked rows, on the ingenious theory that by doing so she made more of the ground than by planting the rows straight.

Occasionally our calculations, if not mathematical, are, in intention at least, worthy of a district north of the Tweed. A poor woman in our Union having been ordered to take "old" Port wine as a tonic, and finding it expensive, was told by the shopkeeper that she could have a newer wine threepence a bottle cheaper. She accordingly bought a bottle a fortnight in advance, calculating that at the end of the time she should have saved threepence, and by having kept the wine so long would still be able to drink "old" Port. A more genuine saving than this was effected not long ago by some of my parishioners, who, bringing home from a neighbouring town some vehicle for which a higher toll was demanded than they thought reasonable, took out the horse, paid a three-half-penny toll for it, and then themselves drew the carriage through for nothing. Had I been the toll-gate keeper I should have felt inclined to try the question under the clause "drawn by horse, mule, ox, ass, or any other animal," but the point, I believe, was not raised, turnpike philosophy probably not daring to call men "animals."

Among the humours of our village, involving calculation, is one touching the five lime-trees in our churchyard, which are planted at slightly irregular intervals. I have been told that a quaint old man, whom I knew well, standing with other loungers near the inn at the corner of the churchyard, one day started the question, which two of the five trees were planted farthest apart from one another? After much discussion and mental calculation of distance, resulting in various opinions, he gave his judgment in favour of the two end ones, a conclusion which summarily but satisfactorily disposed of all the guesses, more or less accurate, which had been made as to the distance between other pairs of trees in the row.

Our logic, however, is by no means always so indisputable as this. In a village some miles from ours, an outbreak of typhus fever, a few years ago, was at last charged upon a milk-seller whose well was discovered to be very foul, and was speedily closed. The good man indignantly repudiated the imputation on his well, and his defence was to his mind ample. "Why," he said, "I've just had a letter from my sister in Liverpool, and she says that they've had 'titus fever' down there," and, he added triumphantly, "now I know they've had naun to do wi' my well down there, that's sartin." If anybody would wish to try the power of pure reason, let him undertake to prove to this good Sussex man the fallacy of his defence.

An old parishioner, in her eighty-sixth year, with whom I was talking the other day about former times, says that she has understood that many people pretend that they would like to live their lives over again. For her part she owns that she certainly should not like to do so, or to face a second time her experience of the past, with flour for a while, before the end of the old war, at 3s. 4d. a gallon instead of 1s., its common price

now, with salt at 3s. a gallon, instead of 3½d., and with many other things proportionately dear; the distress, had it not been for the then abundant supply of potatoes, would have been terrible. As it was, the struggle for life was indeed a hard one, and the common formula of our old people in speaking about those days is, that they "cannot begin to tell anybody how they lived"—or else, "Why there, sir, it wasn't a livin', it was only a bein'." This good woman, whose memory is perfectly clear, gives a most graphic description of the "mobbing" which brought the old poor-law days to a crisis in our parish as well as in others. Years ago I had an account of it from the lips of the man who, one Sunday afternoon with the words, "Well, mate, what be you gooin' to do, be you gooin' to starve?" actually collected the first half-dozen of his fellows who began the outbreak, and my informant confirms his statement. Her own husband was seized while at breakfast and compelled to join the mob, which having been persuaded on its first visit to the village on the Sunday afternoon to disperse, returned in very greatly increased force on Monday morning, and having surrounded one of the principal farmers with a ring of excited labourers, kept him as it were prisoner till he gave a sort of promise that he would break up his threshing-machine. While the men were thus engaged the women had in the meanwhile, on their own account, seized an obnoxious master of the parochial workhouse, and having carried him down to the river, which divides our parish from Ticehurst, had given him the alternative of being then and there thrown bodily in, or of promising, on being deposited just over the boundary on the other side the bridge, that he would never show himself in the parish again. If not humorous, the scene is reported to me as having been sufficiently ludicrous.

One of our sources of humour is now nearly dried up. The humanity of modern poor-laws, not unwisely I hope, removes to public asylums most of the half-witted imbeciles who in former days, being kept at home, used to furnish unending sport for the thoughtless "lads of the village." Some, however, of the mental efforts of these poor half-wits have obtained an immortality denied to those of their more intelligent brethren.

I well remember one poor fellow, whose only name, so far as I ever knew, was "Mike." He was credited with several bits of shrewdness or simplicity which are not yet forgotten. He was trying one day to sell as matches at one of our farmhouses some bits of wood, the manufacture of which certainly had not cost him much. The farmer's wife, on looking at them, said, "Why, Mike, what's the good of bringing these things here?—they've got no brimstone on them." "Indeed, ma'am," said Mike, "brimstone do make 'em smell so bad." The old test of the half-sovereign and half-crown was once applied to him with the full expectation that by reason of the size Mike would prefer the half-crown; but he was equal to the occasion, and at once picked up the half-sovereign with the remark, "No, no, Mike won't be covetous. Mike'll be content with the little one." The last I heard of poor Mike, a good many years ago, was, that some



one had bribed him to draw his mother, who had lived near the edge of the parish, and who had just died, a little distance over the parish border, so that being found dead in the next parish the next parish might be obliged to bury her. Another of our weaker minded but harmless fellow-creatures was just able to help to dig a grave, and on the occasion of the burial of a man who had been one of his constant tormentors, he had sense enough to jump in upon the earth when the grave was being filled up, and as he stamped down the soil to keep on saying, "Got ye now—got ye now!"

I often wonder whether these poor creatures exercise their imperfect intelligence to a like degree in the asylums in which they are gathered. If they do, the note-book of the physician of an asylum for "imbeciles" might be a very treasure-house of unconscious humour. In the earlier part of the century our own village doctor was able, though not by the aid of any of our imbeciles, to contribute one item to our stock of parochial stories, which are useful when ideas run short and conversation flags. He was scientifically sufficiently in advance of his neighbours to keep a rain-gauge, which it was well known he inspected regularly every morning. One night two of his carter boys—for he was an amateur farmer as well as a doctor—came to him and said, "Please, sir, can we go to Mäavul (Mayfield) fair to-morrow?" "No, my lads, I don't think I can spare you," said the doctor; "the fourteen-acre field wants sowing, and we must get at it, if it doesn't rain so hard in the night that we can't get on to the land; but you come again in the morning." In the morning the boys duly presented themselves. "Has it rained in the night?" asked the doctor. "Oh yes, sir," said the boys, "very heavy." The doctor at once went to test their statement by the gauge, and speedily returning, said, "You young rascals, if it had rained all night three times as hard as it rained at the flood, it wouldn't have rained into that gauge half of what you've put there." Knowing very little about the measurement of rainfall, but knowing that their master judged how much rain had fallen by looking into the gauge, they had in the early morning filled it nearly to the brim. Whether they sowed the fourteen-acre field or not, they probably did not go to Mayfield fair.

Even where stories have no claim to humour, our ancients who have good memories, and who can talk of old times, generally get a hearing for their tales, and though their powers of attraction are lessened no doubt by the growing competition of books and newspapers. "Old Master So-and-so says he remembers" is an introduction which as a rule secures respect. These unwritten "Tales of my Grandfather" do duty in our quiet life for the novels and sensational literature which seem to have become an almost necessary complement of those conditions of life which look upon ours as dull and monotonous, and I very much question whether we do not from time to time find as much to interest us in our *viva voce* chronicles as our town brethren do in their books from "Mudie."

And here I may say in passing, lest dwellers in London who are supplied by "Mudie" may think that we in Sussex care little about books, that the

Book Club in our own parish has existed for seventy years without interruption, the first book that was ordered having been "Cælebs in search of a Wife," the orderer being a Mrs. Hussey, in or about the year 1809. As a mere matter of curiosity I should be glad to know whether many country parishes can produce a longer literary pedigree than this.

On the high ground of Brightling parish, about two and a half miles south of our village, stands an obelisk, called "Brightling Needle," built as a landmark by old Mr. John Fuller, formerly M.P. for the county. It occupies, I believe, the spot on which, in the old war time, was a beacon always ready to be lighted the moment the long-expected landing of the French in Pevensey Bay should begin to take place. Some years ago I was talking to an old man who in his youth had been one of our bolder spirits. He soon became very earnest in his manner, and in these peaceful days it gave a curious zest to my conversation to feel that I was speaking to man who had seen people's household goods actually packed on our waggons ready to be driven inland. He told me that he was one of the "Sussex Guides;" and when I asked him what the Sussex Guides had to do, he said, with the ring of well-remembered instructions, "It was our duty, sir, as soon as we heard of the landing of the French, to repair to the George Inn, at Battle, and thence to guide the army the nearest way to the enemy." There was a straightforward, business-like sound about such instructions which seemed very real.

It was curious also in many ways to feel, while talking to this old man, what changes had taken place among us even in one lifetime, and I could well share the feeling of another parishioner who said to me one day, "Sure-ly there can never be as many changes in the next fifty years as there have been in the last!" If any present inhabitant of our parish wishes to realise in some degree the difficulty of transport in Zululand, Ashanti, or any country without roads, it may help him to be told that a person living in 1871 remembered well that when as a boy he used to carry out meat on horseback a man was sent with him part of the way, even in the month of May, to take the basket off the horse in some of the worst places, and to put it on again when the horse was safely through, these bad places having been where our soundest road now is. He also remembered six horses being used on the same road to bring up a two-wheeled cart from the mill, the mud coming up to the bottom of the cart. No wonder that travelling on wheels was more rare than it is now, and that he could well remember also farmers' wives in the parish riding on horseback on pillions behind their husbands.

Even at a much later date, when the squire of the neighbouring parish used this same road at night, his cavalcade consisted of four horses in his carriage, a man riding one of the leaders, a coachman and footman on the box, and a Sussex moon, that is, a man on horseback with a lantern strapped to his back, leading the way. I have myself been taken in a broad-wheeled waggon to a wedding breakfast in my own parish, the latter part of the journey to the farmhouse being imprac-

ticable for any ordinary carriage; and within the last three or four years a waggon with a load of bricks for the repair of a farmhouse within sight of the rectory had to be brought down to its destination with all its four wheels "skidded." These difficulties happen now, of course, only in private lanes, but these lanes even still are little worse than some of the worst parts of our main high roads within the memory of man. An eye-witness has told me of lime waggons "stood" on the high road from Lewes, and extricated only by faggots placed under the wheels.

This same old man has interested me also in another direction, viz., by enabling me to trace, probably to its extinction as a term in spoken use among us, a word, the last literary use of which Dr. Johnson fixes in 1580. I question whether there is now in the parish any one who knows practically the meaning of the word "Lither." I had heard of its being used, and I questioned my old friend as to its meaning. The word was quite familiar to him in the sense of "idle, lazy." I immediately went to Johnson's Dictionary, where I found it explained in exactly the same meaning. It is, I own, exceedingly interesting to me to have been in at the death as it were in a cottage in our own woods of a word which, having been discarded from books three hundred years ago, had lingered on in common use among our Saxon-speaking folk till my own day. I well know the dangers which beset amateur philologists, and therefore I only mention in connection with the word "Lither" the suggestion which I have heard hazarded, that "Lither-pool" is nearer the truth than "Liver-pool," which latter word has necessitated the creation of the "Liver," a bird unknown I am told to ornithologists. There certainly is a "Lither"-land not far from Liverpool; but then again, there is a "Liver-mere" not far from Bury St. Edmunds, so I leave the matter, and be it as it may, I have chronicled probably the actual disappearance of "Lither" as a spoken word in our parish, after an existence among us of perhaps nearly fourteen hundred years.

As a rule our people are hardly scientific in their attempts at derivation. The name of our parish, which was spelt in the 33rd of Henry III "Borwese," and which has besides Burwash many other variations of its spelling, I once heard accounted for as follows, by one of my own parishioners, who spoke most seriously: "When the Romans landed in Pevensey Bay, they had with them a dog, called 'Bur,' and after a while the dog got so bemired with the Sussex clay, that he couldn't travel any farther, so they washed him, and the place where they washed him was called 'Burwash.'" The cumulatively hypothetical nature of this derivation

greatly pleased me. One of our farmhouses, a fine old Elizabethan mansion, bearing date 1634, is called "Bateman's;" and this name I have had explained to me by the tradition that when it was being built men's wages were a penny a day, and that the builder wanted to bate something off that, so the house was called "Bateman's"!

A somewhat more tragic derivation is given of the name of another of our farms, which is called "The Bough," from the traditional belief, as I have been told, that a man having been taken prisoner there for murder, pulled a bough out of the hedge and stuck it into the ground, saying that if he was innocent the bough would grow, and that if he was guilty it would die.

"Shoyswell" farm, which is on the borders of our parish, and which gives its name to a hundred of the county, has horseshoes for its sign, as if the name were "Shoes-well;" but an ingenious parishioner once asked me whether "Shoyswell" might not possibly be a Sussex corruption of the name of some Norman follower of the Conqueror, such as "Choiseuil," a corruption of sound not unlike one which I have had suggested to me as a very simple substitute for the elaborate theories ever and anon invented to explain the "cold harbours" which abound in our county as well as in others. The transition from "col d'arbre" to "cold harbour" is a fairly obvious one, though the suggestion has, of course, to be tested by fact; and if the situation of "cold harbour" does not, in a reasonable number of instances, satisfy the theory of "col d'arbre," the theory itself is only one of the many which are more ingenious than true.

The dangers of erroneous philology were exemplified to me in a singular manner a short time since, by one of our own young men. I had occasion to complain of a noise in the belfry, and he had been reported to me as one of the intruders who had shared in the disturbance. I told him that he really must not go up into the belfry again without leave. "Why not?" he said; "haven't I as good a right there as anybody else; it's 'bell-free,' isn't it? and it's free to anybody to go up who likes?" I could only assure him that, however correct his view of the meaning of the word might be, I was afraid that the law was against him, and that the power of the keys in this instance belonged to the incumbent. For myself, I have been tempted to speculate when I have heard our "road-man" talking about filling in the "wheel trades" after a wet time, whether the term "trade-winds" has not really more to do with the steady "track" in which they blow than with trade in any sense of commerce, but the ill-success of my "belfry" friend warns me to desist.



## IRISH FOSTERAGE.



LOCHIEL AT KILLIECRANKIE.

SIR JOHN DAVIS, Attorney-General in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in his valuable historical tract, "A Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely Subdued" until the seventeenth century, says: "There were two customes proper and peculiar to the Irishry, whiçh being the strong cause of so

many combinations and factions, do tend to the utter ruin of a Commonwealth. The one was Fostering, the other Gossipred, both of which have euer bin of greater estimation among this people than with any other nation in the Christian world.

"For fostering I did neuer heare or reade that



it was in that use or reputation in anie other country, barbarous or civil, as it hath beene in Ireland, where they put away all their children to Fosterers, the potent and rich men selling, the meaner sorte buyinge the fosterage of the children, and the reason is that in the opinion of this people. Fostering hath always beene a stronger alliance than blood, and the Foster Children do love and are beloved of their foster fathers and their Sept, more than their own parents and kindred, and do participate of their meanes more frankly, and do adhere unto them in all fortunes with more affection and constancy. The like may be said of gossiped or Compaternitie, which though by the Canon Law it be a spiritual affinity, and a Juror that was gossip to either of the parties might in former times have bin challenged as not indifferent by one law, yet there was no nation under the sun that euer made so religious accompt of it as the Irishe."

Sir John Davis, with all his ability and sagacity, took a narrow view of the old custom of fosterage. So far from being always a source of unmitigated evil in the Irish Commonwealth, it unquestionably helped to heal and soften the strifes of creed and race in Ireland. Amongst the depositions relating to the massacres in the terrible Irish Insurrection of 1641, preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, there is one which states that the family of a Protestant clergyman in Ulster was saved from perishing by the fidelity of an old Irish Roman Catholic nurse. Her foster-children having grown up she no longer lived at the parsonage, but with her own children a long way off. On the evening before the outbreak of the insurrection, old and feeble as she was, she managed to hasten away across the Donegal mountains, through "short cuts" known to few, until she reached the clergyman's door, where she warned him and his to fly to a place of safety before the rebels arrived in the morning.

The parts of the island where the fosterage ties had most strength, and lingered longest, were the north-west of Ulster, where the eastern and western Gael met, and the extreme south-west of Munster. So late as the first quarter of the present century the children of noblemen, gentlemen, lay and clerical, in Cork and Kerry were almost invariably "nursed out," as the phrase ran, by the wives of the Roman Catholic farmers and cottiers in their thatched cabins. Sometimes the children remained with their nurses—clothed and fed exactly like their own children—until they were six or seven years old, seeing their parents rarely or not at all during that time, and when they were at last brought home to the "great house," being unable to speak anything but Irish, half-comic, half-pathetic scenes sometimes took place when the foster-mother surrendered her little charge. In one case the heir to an ancient Celtic title and estate, when brought home to his parents' house at the age of six years, drew back, frightened at the grand aspect of his mother's drawing-room, and whispered in Irish an entreaty to his nurse—or, as he called her, his "mammy"—to be allowed to take off his shoes and to walk in his stockings lest he should spoil "the lady's" fine carpet, "the

lady" being his mother—to him an unknown personage of unapproachable grandeur. An old Peninsular colonel, the younger son of a Kerry nobleman, used to tell with much humour how well he remembered his life in his nurse's cabin in the wild West, when he lived on potatoes, oatmeal porridge, and milk, and ran about the fields and roads in a short brown woollen petticoat, barefooted, with a little coloured cotton patchwork skull-cap on his head—such as the peasant children of the district used then to wear—and how miserable and lonely he felt the day he was taken back to remain with his parents, and to put on fine clothes and sit in carpeted rooms. No wild bird caught and caged ever looked out through the gilded network on the fields and moors with greater yearnings of heart.

The nurses and foster-brothers or foster-sisters never lost sight of the fostered, but visited them periodically all through their lives when it was possible for them to do so. Mr. Froude, in his "History of the English in Ireland," has certainly overstated the case when he says that all the clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the country parishes throughout Munster during the years 1797 and 1798 had to fly into the large towns for protection. All through those years, and the Whiteboy troubles before and after them, my grandfather, a clergyman of the said church, was in charge of a small congregation of Protestants in a remote country parish in the south-west of Ireland, with a numerous Roman Catholic population. His fourteen children were all "nursed out" by the wives of Roman Catholic farmers, or cottiers at their cabins, and were as safe throughout the rebellion and the troubles as they would have been in Dublin or London. The strong affection and respect manifested for the children of the heretic parson and for himself never suffered the slightest diminution, survived the social and political strifes, and continued up to the latest hour of the lives of the foster-masters and the nurse-children.

This was no exceptional case, it was the common and every-day one, else I should not record it. A striking instance of the strength of the fosterage tie occurred in or about the year 1798 in the neighbourhood with which Mr. Froude is so familiar, and which he has described in his "Fortnight in Ireland;" and here too, one of the foster-brothers was the son of a Protestant clergyman and the grandson of a gentleman who played a notable part on the side of William of Orange in 1688, and who is mentioned in Lord Macaulay's History of England.

The Rev. Thomas Orpen, Rector of Kenmare, in the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the present century, had by his wife, Agnes Herbert, seven sons and three daughters. George Orpen, his fourth son, an officer in the army, was severely wounded at Minden, and had a son, a major in the army, killed at Talavera. Richard, eldest son of the Rector of Kenmare, married the widow of James French, Esq., of Bordeaux, and had by her, with other issue, a daughter, who was the mother of the late Earl of Lauderdale. Arthur Orpen, the rector's second son, married a



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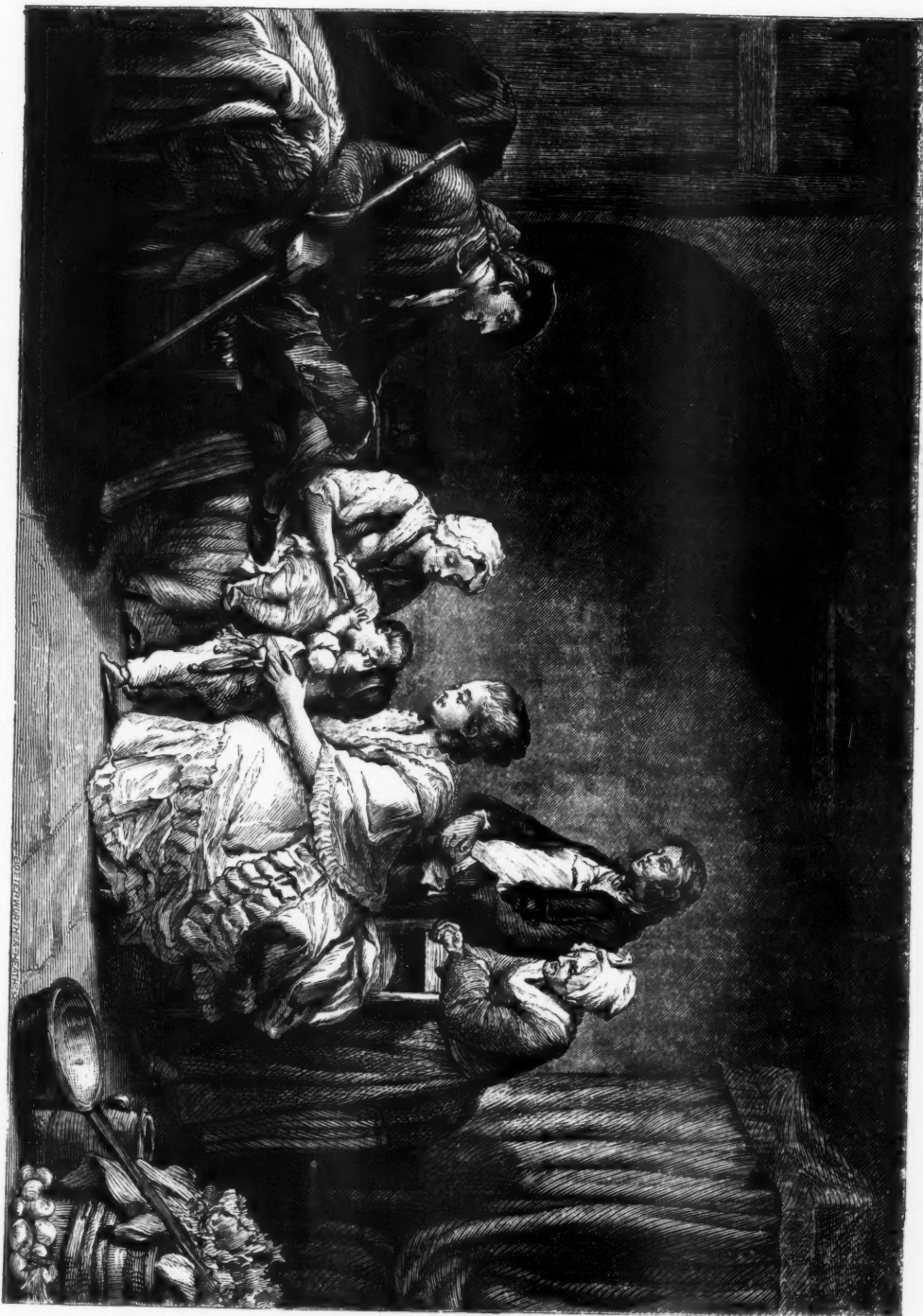
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THE FIRST LESSON IN FRIENDSHIP.

From the Picture by M. de Lannoy.



French lady, and being naturally a very high-spirited and hot-tempered young man, shared in the prevalent French and Irish revolutionary aspirations of his time, and for a while fell under the suspicion of being a member of the Society of United Irishmen. There seems to have been no proof, however, that he was connected with the society in any way, and for some time after his marriage he resided at or near his father's rectory of Kenmare, having in his service his foster-brother, a man named Michael O'Sullivan, a member of the numerous clan of that name, who, before the English invasion, were the owners of Kenmare and the district around it.

When some years had passed away Arthur Orpen's French wife became very anxious to re-visit her native country, and accordingly she and her husband with his servant and foster-brother, O'Sullivan, put themselves on board a small vessel, which started from Kenmare for Bordeaux or some other French port. Irish travellers by land or sea in those days were accustomed to "rough it," and it is probable that Mr. and Mrs. Orpen and the hardy crew of their little ship were not daunted by the approach of the gale, which overtook them before they were well beyond the mouth of the Kenmare river. They hoped to weather it and reach the open Channel in safety, but this was not to be. The gale rose to a fierce storm, and the ship was drifting fast on the great rocks off Lamb Head, on the coast, not far from Derrynane, O'Connell's country, when the crew took to their one boat, probably a canvas coracle; but at all events its fragile appearance on the enormous waves made Mrs. Orpen afraid to crowd into it with the rest, and she could not be induced to leave the deck. Her husband, finding all entreaties to get her to consent to trust herself in the boat vain, resolved to stay with her and share her fate whatever it might be. All the crew had now got into the little boat, and O'Sullivan, Mr. Orpen's foster-brother and servant, was about to join them, when he hesitated and looked back at his master and mistress, standing with clasped hands on the deck of the doomed ship. As the foster-brothers' eyes met in despair, the words, "Michael, are you too going away from me?" were wrung from Mr. Orpen's lips. O'Sullivan stopped, turned back to the deck, waved a good-bye to the crew in the boat, and said, "Never! we will live or die together." And he remained with the hapless pair until the ship went to pieces, and all three perished in the seas beating on that iron-bound coast. O'Sullivan's aged mother, thus deprived of her son and her foster-son in one day, had all sympathy shown her by the Rev. Thomas Orpen and his family, who allowed her a good annuity for the rest of her life.

Alas! the world has advanced on the wild West; the old simplicity of manners, and the old strength

of the fosterage ties, for good or evil, have almost ceased to be. Children are no longer nursed away from home in any part of Ireland, and the relations of their parents to their attendants has become in general a matter of contract sufficiently commercial in principle. The ancient sentiment will still linger, however, in Irish character and customs. The newspapers inform us that an old Irish nurse in the family of the murdered Lord Mountmorres was the person who first set out to search for his body, and that she earnestly (but vainly) entreated the people of the neighbourhood to bring it to his house.

Whether the associations of fosterage were always stronger in Ireland than any other country may be doubted. The usages seem to have belonged to the Celtic race in all lands. Our picture recalls its existence among the French, and there are many touching instances of the devotedness attached to the relationship.

The annals of the Scottish Highlands also abound in memorable instances of the strength of fosterage, and Sir Walter Scott, in his historical tale, "The Fair Maid of Perth," in describing the dreadful and deadly fray between hostile clans, has made all readers familiar with the devotedness connected with clanship and with fosterage.

There is a homely saying that "Blood is thicker than water," a word nobly used by the American commodore when he interfered, contrary to all rules, to cover the repulse of the English sailors in attacking the Peiho forts in the Chinese War. When we read some of the historical incidents of fosterage the saying might almost be parodied by the words that "Milk is stronger than blood."

"Kindred to twenty (degrees), fosterage to a hundred;" "Woe to the father of the foster-son unfaithful to his trust"—are old Gaelic sayings in the Scottish Highlands. Above all, he would be a poor foster-brother who would hesitate to die for his loved master and chief.

A memorable instance of this self-devotion was displayed at the battle of Killiecrankie. At that memorable struggle the Highland chief Ewan Cameron of Lochiel was attended by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like a shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or to cover him from the attacks of the enemy. Suddenly Lochiel missed his trusty friend from his side, and, turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath, before he expired, to tell Lochiel that, seeing a Highlander from General Mackay's army aiming at him with a bow and arrow, he had just time to spring behind him, and thus shelter his chief from certain death by the sacrifice of his own life. It was a noble act of self-devotion, but one which was common among the Highland clans.

## The Painter.



PAINTER stood gazing with troubled thought  
Upon the mimic scene his skill had wrought.  
There, where a month ago, or scarce so much,

The lifeless canvas waited for his touch,  
He saw a landscape, woven, it would seem,  
From the bright fancy of some poet's dream.  
Pleasant had been his daily task to choose  
And blend in harmony these fairest hues;  
To watch beneath his hand the picture grow,  
River and hill bathed in a radiant glow;  
Yet, as he pondered now, it pleased him not,  
Something was surely wanting; something—what?

The painter took his brush and deftly threw  
One sombre shade athwart the sunny view,  
And saw that, as the wealth of colour waned,  
A new and wondrous depth the picture gained.  
Another sober tint he softly plied,  
Then cast upon the whole a look of pride;  
With the redundant opulence of light  
Vanished the shallowness that vexed his sight.

The task was done. The painter mused awhile,  
And earnest thought once more replaced his smile.  
Grave eyes still seemed the finished work to scan,  
But graver reverie those eyes outran,

And soared to heaven, to God, whose master hand  
The little lives of men in wisdom planned.

Ah! we would have them different if we could,  
A constant season of unbroken good;  
No cloud, no sorrow, nor the gnawing pain  
Which frets and wears us, as we think, in vain.  
But what such lives might be He only knows  
Who the correcting shadow gently throws;  
That shade, which never falls in aimless freak,  
Gives breadth and vigour to what else were weak;  
And we should own, with every wish supplied,  
A strength unknown because a strength untried.

SYDNEY GREY.



[From the Picture by Sir C. Eastlake.]

## The Sisters.

DUET FOR FEMALE VOICES.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

*Andante con moto.*

PIANO.

*f*

*Ped.*

*f*

*Ped.*

1st SOPRANO. *f*

O . . . di - vi - ner Air,

*f deciso.*

*dim.*

*Ped.*

*Ped.*



Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the glare, Far from out the west in shadowing

showers, O - ver all the mea - dow baked and bare,

Making fresh and fair . . All the bow - ers

and the flow - ers, Faint-ing flow - ers, fa - ded bow - ers, O - ver all . .

... this wea - ry world of ours, Breathe, Breathe, Breathe, di - vi - ner

Air!

2nd SOPRANO.

O . . . . di - vi - ner light, Thro' the

cloud that roofs our noon with night, Thro' the blot - ting mist, the blind - ing showers, Far from

*p*

out a sky for e-ver bright, O - ver all the wood-land's flood-ed bowers,

*p*

*cres.*

O - ver all the meadow's drowning flowers, O - ver all this ru - in'd world of ours,

*cres.*

*f*

O, O di - vi - ner Air, Thro' the

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

O . . . di - vi - ner light, Thro' the

*Ped.* \*

heat, the drowth, the dust, the glare, Far from out the west in shadowing shades, O - ver

cloud that roofs our noon with night, Thro' the blot-ting mist, the blind-ing showers, Far from

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

all the mea - dow baked and bare, Breathe, di - vi - ner Air!  
 out a sky for e - ver bright, Break, di - vi - ner light!

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

Breathe, di - vi - ner Air! O - - ver all this wea - ry, wea  
 Break, di - vi - ner light! O - - ver all this

*cres.* *f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

ry world of ours, Breathe, . . di - vi - ner Air! di -  
 ru - - in'd world of ours, Break, . . di - vi - ner light! . . di -

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

vi - ner Air! O - ver all this wea - ry, wea -  
 vi - - ner light! O - ver all this

*f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*



ry world of ours, Breathe, . . di - vi - ner Air, *dim.*  
 ru - in'd world of ours, Break, . . di - vi - ner light, *dim.*  
 vi - ner Air! Breathe, *p* Breathe,  
 vi - ner light! Break, Break,

O . . di - vi - ner Air!  
 O . . di - vi - ner light!  
 O di - vi - ner Air!  
 O di - vi - ner light!

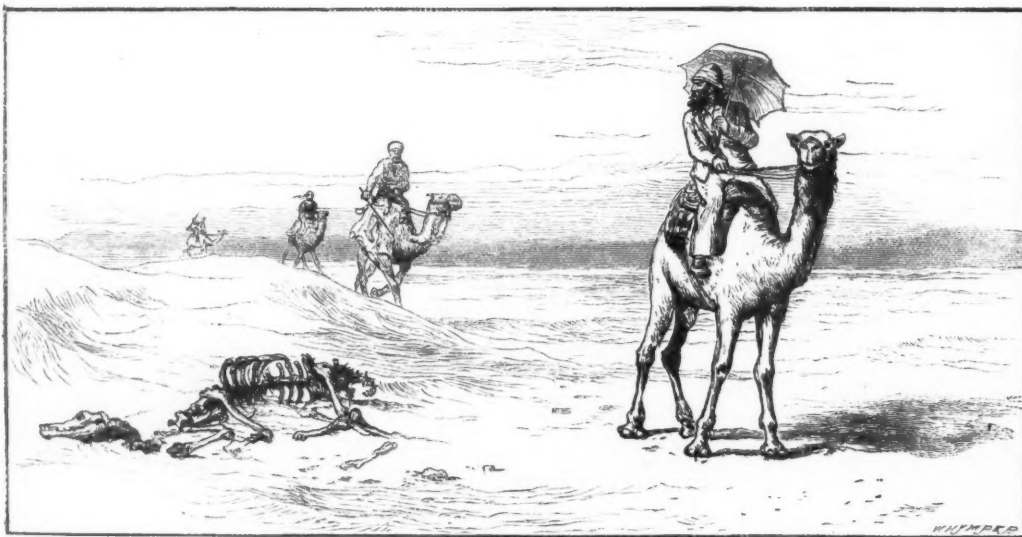
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*  
*p* *Ped.* \*  
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*pp* *Ped.* \*

\* \* The words, by special permission, are from Mr. Tennyson's new volume of "Ballads and Poems." (Kegan Paul and Co.)

## PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

### IV.



CROSSING THE DESERT.

*Wady Feiran, Thursday, March 11, 1880.*

WE ARE stopping here for a day's rest in what is confidently, and I believe rightly, reckoned as the Rephidim of Scripture, where the Amalekites challenged the entry of the Jews into their lovely oasis. It is a winding valley, skirted by high, dark, rough rocks, and crowded with palms, through which flows a little stream, pleasanter to the eye than to the taste. This rivulet is about three inches deep and some four feet wide, losing itself, at last, in sand. Close by our "camp" is a mound, or low hill, covered with the ruins of the old episcopal city of Paran, the relics of its church showing conspicuously. The rough slopes around are burrowed with holes in which hermits once lived, and the sky-line of some of the cliffs is jagged with the remains of "stations," or chapels. It is supposed that the mound of which I have just spoken is that on which Moses sat watching and praying while the battle went on about him. An opening in the cliffs gives us a grand view of the heights of Serbal, the finest mountain in the Sinaitic Peninsula, which some have thought to be the Mount of the Law. But it lacks the essential condition of a

plain stretching from its foot. There are, no doubt, plains or broad openings among the valleys around, which give a bold view of its summit, but they are separated from its base by miles of intervening lower ridges.

While here I must add a few words about the famous "Sinaitic Inscriptions," of which we saw a considerable number as we passed yesterday through the Wady Mukatteb, where they most abound. They are sprinkled, explorers say, over the whole Sinaitic peninsula, but are thickest here. The first thing that struck me was the meanness of these writings which have exercised the world of experts. Indeed, continued research proves that they are merely the idle scribbles of the "Bil Stumpses" of their day. That "day" seems to have begun in Pagan times, and to have overlapped the Christian immigration.

The inscriptions, though shallow, are nowhere scratched, but, apparently, made by "tapping" with a sharp stone. In "meaning," they are all pronounced to be "equally worthless and unimportant." Indeed, they record nothing but a long fit of sheer scribbling. It is, however, very singular that no ancient gathering, such as the Jewish host

led by Moses, should have left any such engraved records behind them, though they were familiar with the Egyptian fashion of writing contemporaneous history, down to its smallest current details, on stone. The central Sinaitic cluster of mountains was, moreover, once tenanted by thousands of monks; but, though they might see divers of these old "Sinaitic Inscriptions" upon the faces of detached rock fragments near the mount in which they swarmed, they spent no idle hours—of which they must have had many—in adding their crowd of names. Nor does it appear that the large yearly assemblage of Arabs in the "Wady es Sheykh," continued up to the present day, leaves any marks on the rocks and stones around them.

During one period, and—though it was prolonged—one period only, the people in these parts amused themselves with scrawling upon the flat faces of the handiest slabs. One might well wish that the fashion had gone out with these remote generations of scribblers.

We have entered a trying phase of our journey. Egypt was an arm-chair business compared to this. There we had our cabins, and comfortable lounging seats on deck, under an awning. The first few days of camel riding do not bring comfort, and, in places, the blowing sand is excessively tiresome, and the sun terrible. But we have found the desert more gravel than sand, especially when, on the course of the Mecca pilgrims, there is a broad track or set of parallel tracks, made by camels' feet, about two yards apart, and some twenty in number. This highway in the desert showed before and behind us like a long waving line of threads laid side by side. We met several dislocated joints in the tail of the Mecca caravan, the body of which had passed by some time before. These were mostly batches of pilgrims who had hung back, weary and footsore. Salem, our foremost man, saluted each party that we met, shaking hands, kissing, and touching heads, as their respective leaders came close up, after showing like little dots in the long distance before us. He told us that they were chiefly Algerines, who would walk all the way home along the African coast. What

a trudge! Some limped, but most marched bravely on, dry, hard, and dark, clothed in scanty whitey-brown rags. A few wore sandals; others were barefooted. Occasionally, by the side of our course were rough, low mounds. "What are these?" we asked. The reply was, "The graves of those who die by the way." It brought home to us the shrewd aspect of sickness, and the suddenness of burial here. There would be no time to wait. Within a few hours a man might be sick, faint, dead, and buried; and in an hour more his friends would be far away for ever.

Our start from the wells of Moses was not very propitious. After a lovely boat-sail across the Gulf we landed, and walked up to them, expecting to find our camels. But they had been delayed at the bridge over the canal, and did not arrive till it was quite dark. We had begun to contemplate a night on the bare sand to begin with. And when the tents did come, and were pitched, a little brown dog, with a dark frown on his face, presented himself at our tent door, and, looking round with an air of experience, said, distinctly, "Humph!" He then walked slowly off, as much as to add, "I don't think much of your arrangements." If he had confined himself to this remark we should not have minded so much, but afterwards he took it into his head to tell what he thought to five or six other curs at the top of his voice, and the delivery of their verdict lasted all night. However, this was the last of dogs that we



A BEDOUIN.

shall see or hear for some time. Our Bedouin, though, are often needlessly noisy, and the man told off to watch the tents at night is likely to forget that if he sings to keep himself awake, others hear him as well. And an Arab song is more noisy than musical. I should call the singer, perhaps, more tiresome than noisy, for he does not open his mouth, but hums loudly within himself, like a hurdy-gurdy in a cupboard. The quarrelling and chatter of the Bedouin, too, is sometimes intolerable by day. They talk at the top of their voices, and find an astonishing number of assertions to contradict. Once on our way here I innocently stopped my camel-leader, a particularly noisy fel-

low, with a pinch of snuff, which he had never taken before. Perceiving a pause after a long unbroken babble, I offered him this pinch. He took it, copiously, in his brown finger and thumb, and was about to tie it up in the corner of his shirt, where he carried his valuables. So I instructed him as to its proper application, and he was surprised. Being a "gentleman," a camel-owner, and carrying a huge sword, he was too high-minded to sneeze, but he went through a rare combination of moral and physical *virtues* of restraint lest he should commit himself, and for a couple of hours walked in perfect silence, furtively divesting himself of the mischief he had got. It is curious how odd little passages come into a tour which might be designated as a pilgrimage, but there is a humorous side to most life, and I defy any one to travel with these sons of the desert without having his gravity occasionally upset by some queer phase of custom, or by the unexpected importance attached to small matters.

To return to the graver aspect of our tour, I shall, all well, find occasion to speak somewhat of the track of the Israelites when we have gone further in, or finished, our desert march. At present, fact finally upsets the picture formed in my mind when I first began to hear of their journey in the wilderness. Of course it was a mere childish impression, and has been corrected by books of travel; still it was not till I arrived in the country itself that this early-formed picture wholly faded away. Moses, standing on a rock, and looking down on the drowning host of Pharaoh, is an impossibility, untrue as can be conceived. All along the Red Sea, from the head of the Gulf, for days, according to the rate of camel travel, the shore is quite flat, the cliffs of the Et Tih being some miles inland. Then, the approach to Sinai, now only a march and a half off from us, is not over an inland plain, but chiefly by the sea, till the valley leading up to Rephidim is reached. This is terribly dry, the little stream which flows through the oasis losing itself, as I have noticed, in the sand as soon as the palm-trees cease. The distance, moreover, that the Jews traversed after leaving Egypt, and before reaching Sinai, strikes one as unexpectedly short when the little ground really covered by each march is taken into account. Modern pilgrims in, say, France, could accomplish a journey of such a length in half a day, being able by train to visit an oracle no farther distant from their starting-point than Sinai is from Suez, and return to their homes between one summer sunrise and sunset. But the tail of the Mecca caravan, crawling slowly on foot, enabled us in a measure to realise the slow Jewish march, and long pauses at several encampments would be necessary in order to get the host well together.

When the Bedouin are not quarrelling the silence of the desert is profound. Once I was riding considerably in advance, and heard my companion say to our dragoman, Achmed, "Ride on and ask Mr. Jones for his umbrella." His own had been carried off from his side by the wind one day as we sat at lunch, and after leaping on for apparently about a mile in advance, jumped over a sandhill and disappeared for ever. Well, hearing

his request far behind, I threw mine down from my camel and rode on. When we joined company an hour afterwards he remarked, "Do you know that you have lost your sunshade?" I had been too far off for him or the dragoman to notice that on hearing what he said I had thrown it down for them to pick it up, and yet I had heard his direction to Achmed to ride on and ask me for its loan as plainly as if he had been a few yards behind me. In these noonday periods of silence the heat appears to gather special force, the black shadow of the camel seeming to fall exactly under the animal, the whole surroundings being covered with unbroken glare. It is, however, I think, in the morning that the heat is most felt by the traveller. I never before realised the words, "The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat." Here in this part of the East it rises white hot, and no sooner looks over the horizon than it scorches. Then, at once, the whole body, from heel to ear, catches its rays, whereas, in the middle of the day, the shoulders, in some measure, shade the rest of the person; and an umbrella, best when white, held over the head, provides a completely covering shade. What I have said about the burning heat of the early sun applies with less force to that of the afternoon, for then the coolness of the night has long been left behind. It is the sharp hot shock after cool darkness which makes itself most felt.

When, however, I talk of cool darkness, I do not convey the true idea of some of our nights. After our baking ride here it came on to rain, with an occasional "blash" of sleet and snow. It is now dreadfully cold. Last night, after riding during the day with even my shirt unbuttoned and thrown back, I lay down in my long boots, all my clothes, two coats, and my ulster and railway rug over me, as well as the counterpane, etc., and now I have put on my mackintosh leggings in the tent simply to keep my legs warm. The poor Bedouin! no wonder they have coughs! There are holes enough in the adjoining rocks to hold a tribe, but most of them seem to have lain down on the ground in the wind and rain all night, and not one in the company has a pair of breeches. I had heard that a man here owned a little patch of such tobacco as these Arabs smoke, so I have bought some five shillings' worth of it for them, and it has been brought to me, for inspection, in a *sack*, and is green—almost exactly like Brussels sprouts. I hope they like it. The sheykh has touched breast, mouth, and forehead, in polite gratitude, and blown me kisses in the air. If ever I came here again I would bring good store of "Cavendish," or a coil of "nigger-head," and see what they thought of that. As it is, they are making alarming inroads on my stock of bird's-eye, which I cannot help filling their pipes with sometimes, whereof comes much grateful sniffing, rolling of eyes, and obeisance. Talking of eyes, I have washed those belonging to one of our gang with a solution of sulphate of zinc, to his comfort, and now there approaches our tent a man with an old broken leg. Will I cure him? Poor fellow, he is so politely disappointed when I tell him, through Achmed, that I cannot do him any good. A





MOUNT SEREAL

"backsheesh," however, has made him look a little less dismal. There is a small Bedouin hut hamlet in the valley; but even in this little community I understand that there is more than one blood-feud going on. Those rusty matchlocks our friends carry come into use for settling grave home scores.

*Head of the Wady Solaf,*

*Friday, March 12, 6.30 p.m.*

We have just pitched our tents at the threshold of the plain before Sinai, which stands on the other side of a range on which we have now seen the sun set. Some six hours' walk would bring us to the foot of the mount before which the host was encamped. We shall begin to cross the range early to-morrow, and soon look down upon the scene which I have pictured to myself all my life. The air tells us that we are high up, and it is biting cold.

I am surprised at the amount of vegetation which we have seen between this place and Feiran. Looking from my camel along divers parts of the wady we have traversed, it seemed almost entirely covered with shrubs, and a very little observation showed that there was a considerable amount of pasturage on the mountains. But many of the tufts of herbage are so nearly the colour of the

rocks, that they are imperceptible at a little distance. They are all aromatic, and the air is full of spice. This district is far more furnished with vegetation than any we have seen here, and 3,000 years ago it may have been still more fertile in food for flocks and herds. There do not seem to be enough now to eat what is provided. Such sheep and goats as we see, appear to be in excellent condition, and our camels snatch at the scented shrubs as they pace along. But their breath does not seem to be improved thereby, that of this beast being very offensive. Beyond the rare sheep and goats, little life is seen here. There is the universal bird, the familiar wagtail, and a cloud of white eagles showed themselves in the course of our day's ride, probably drawn by the dead carcass of some camel or sheep. We broke up their conference with a shot from a revolver, which brought a hundred echoes from these lonely cliffs.

I have just been out of our tent to look at the night. The sky is crowded with enormous stars, while the veil of rock before Sinai seems as if it were ten yards off. Our gang of Bedouin are sitting around their bivouac fire, making a Rembrandt group; and my companion, reading some doleful book, remarks that there are five kinds of scorpions, that hyænas often prowl around a travellers' camp in these parts, and that venomous snakes are abundant.

## SPIRITUALISM.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.

### III.



HAVE referred in the first article of this series to a pretended ability on the part of the spiritists, by the aid of the familiars, to dematerialise natural objects, and now come to the converse of this, their claim that the spirits of departed persons take bodily shape, and in living guise perform a number of wonderful, if not very grave or relevant, acts. I need not do more than allude to the revolting nature of this pretence, and its opposition to all we have reason to believe regarding the condition and occupation of those who have left this earth. The kind of employment which spiritists pretend is engaged in by those alleged so to return, is a sufficient proof to most minds of the absurdity of the position they take up. Explanation of the method by which people are duped is more to the purpose of my paper.

Spiritists of course propose to allow themselves to be placed under such conditions as would naturally prevent them from achieving by ordinary means the feats which they allege to be performed

by spiritual assistance, and these conditions may be first described. One absolute condition is that the medium shall be concealed from view during the progress of the experiments. Either he is placed in a "cabinet" or behind a screen, or if neither of these conditions are enforced, then the room is placed in partial, if not complete, darkness. The only explanation vouchsafed for this is simply that it is necessary, and that the spirits will not perform under any other conditions. And although the irreverent scoff and suggest opinions regarding those who "prefer the darkness," the spiritists probably know their business too well to discontinue a practice which is so lucrative, and which finds no objectors among the faithful and the unthinking. There is an air of mystery also added to the performance by this means, the attractiveness of which they cannot afford to sacrifice, even if they could perform their jugglery in open day, which they cannot.

Supposing that a company is assembled around a table in a circle, of which the medium forms part, each grasping the little finger of his neigh-

bour on each side with his own—and in this position the usual tricks are performed—it is often said that the medium can have no share in the mystery. Clearly, if the medium is to take any share in the affair his hand must be freed from the grasp of his friends on either side. This seems impossible, but it is done, and in a very artistic manner. Supposing that the fingers are the links of communication, a severance may be effected in this way. While the fingers are linked tight the medium presses so tightly on those touching his that in a short time they become numbed through the defective circulation, and the feeling is almost lost for a time. He then draws his hands with those of his neighbours very nearly into contact. While they are engaged closely listening for taps or trying to catch the significance of those already given, he reaches forward on some slight pretext (to wind up a musical-box, for instance, which often supplies a musical "condition," or the like). Then, without himself placing his right hand again upon the table, he proposes that the circle should rejoin their hands. At this point the man on his right stretches out his finger and grips with it, not the little finger of the medium, but a first finger of his (the medium's) left hand, which has taken almost exactly the position formerly held by the right little finger. This leaves the magician's hand free, and with it he can, just as in the former tricks, use the instruments and perform any tricks he is master of, which are all the more mysterious for the gloomy surroundings. Supposing that each member of the circle has hold of the wrist of the next, the positions will be that the medium's left wrist is grasped by the right hand of the person on his left, while with his right hand he grasps that of the nearest sitter on the right. Another pretence, easily invented by a man of quick wit, provides an opportunity for him to slip his hold, and once lost it is never regained as before, for the left hand, which is more at liberty, and is held by the wrist pretty much at the will of the medium, then takes its place, the little finger representing to the feeling of the right hand man the thumb of the medium, and the grasp being skilfully contrived to heighten the deception. While the medium is disengaged the trick can be heightened in effect by the medium passing his hand through the arm of his chair, which is slewed round, and then again grasping the hand of his fellow on the right, who will unfailingly assure the company that the medium's hands had never for one moment been free.

By the use of a previously fixed string, articles twenty feet off can be brought nearer to the medium, and all the articles that are too heavy for the lazy-tongs are managed in this way, and numberless derangements of furniture can be brought about in this very easy fashion.

Another way in which a dark *seance* is managed is that in which the hands of the medium are tied behind his back by a member of the committee with silk braid, and while thus "secured," his coat is taken off and another man's put on, and yet on reappearance he is found tied as firmly as before. Musical "manifestations" and unbounded noisy

fun can also be indulged in by the medium while he is thus tied.

Next he will suggest that the spirits should tie him, and a rope is placed upon the table for their convenience. The medium, seated in a chair (the lights turned down), is, in a short time, found tied in a much more scientific way than the committee could have done it in the same time. He then proposes, perhaps, that in order that there may be no deception, that the committee should seal the rope at every knot. This is done, and the lights again dimmed, and immediately violent manifestations begin, coats, hats, and other things fly about, and the spirits are in high revelry. Yet even this is a comparatively simple thing for any trained juggler to do.

All spiritists know, as very few members of investigating committees do, exactly what can be done with knots and with cords generally, and this is another point in their favour. All these cord-tricks are now pretty well known to professional jugglers, and many of them had been practised long before the fashion of handicapping an audience with the condition of darkness was so luckily (for the jugglers) hit upon. This trick with braid is positively impudent in its easiness. The piece of braid is usually about two feet long, and need be in no way peculiar in make. The medium is seated on the chair, and his left hand slipped down by the side in the manner shown in the illustration (Fig. 3). To the wrist one end of the braid is tied, and he then holds his right hand in the same manner at the back, keeping his hands rigidly at the greatest possible distance apart, and makes it appear as if the formation of the chair would not admit of their being brought closer. The committee may be as hard as they please on the pliable braid, but they may not—indeed, they cannot—alter the medium's position in the chair. The lights turned out, he pulls hard at the braid, in the hope of converting the square knots generally used into slip-knots. If this succeeds he slips his hands down to the narrower part of the chair, and of course they nearly meet, or at all events come close enough for him to loosen out the knots and obtain his freedom. Should he be unfortunate enough to have a committee who know something of the science of knots, he can still have recourse to various means of getting loose. He can snap the braid and assert that it was done by the violence of the spirits; or he can use the playful deception of concealing the broken ends and producing for the inspection of the committee a duplicate cord previously provided. I have seen both ways done. If he snaps the cord, he on the second attempt gets another man to tie him, and probably the second will be less skilful or careful in his treatment of the fastenings.

As to the tying to the chair by the spirits, that is a matter requiring some care in description, and as I want to condense it, I must refer the reader to the illustrations for further guidance. It will be observed that in Fig. 1 the medium appears to be very completely tied indeed, and an unpractised committee might be excused for entertaining the same opinion. But there is "a hitch somewhere" in every case with the spirits, just as there



is with their more honest kinsmen the jugglers, and the hitch in this instance is a double-clove hitch (the technical name for the knot *c* in Fig. 2). This is how the tying is done. The rope with which the medium is to be tied "by the spirits" is about thirty feet long. Before commencing operations he has gauged the distance for the tying of a knot shown in Fig. 2. As soon as he finds himself in the familiar darkness he makes this double-looped knot, and places the ends (*E E*) in symmetrical twists and turns, around his legs



FIG. 1.

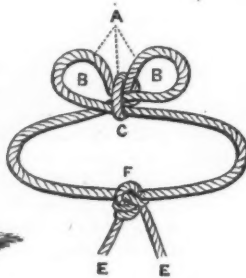


FIG. 2.

and the legs of the chair, and around to the back, in a way that seems, if it is not, thoroughly secure. The end is tied at the back, just behind the shoulder. All this tying of legs and body has not interfered with the one double end, or loop, originally left on the rope, and its part in the play now commences. This knot made, the medium thrusts his two hands through its loops (*B B*). Then by throwing out his knees he pulls the loops quite tight about his wrists, and at the same time brings his hands hard down upon his legs. By this movement he places the knot in such a position that even a practised eye, unless the secret is known, can hardly detect imposture, and he hides the one weak part of the deceit—the under side of the knot—the general effect produced being that of the hands having been first secured, and the knot at the back finishing the performance. This has of course been so often rehearsed that it can be done in less time than it takes to describe, and when the committee come to inspect the spirit-work they find the medium enveloped in this elaborate network, and also find that the only knot at all open for their unfastening is that at the back.

The value of this ruse for concealing the lower parts of this inestimable knot is seen when we find the medium declare his willingness that the committee—again "in order that there may be no deception"—shall seal all the knots in the rope, and he will again produce manifestations as before. If the lower part of this knot were covered with sealing-wax, the medium could by no means get out without breaking the seal, but the sealing of the upper part, which is presented to the committee, leaves the slipping part of the rope free. Of course the sealing of the knot at the back signifies nothing, and the knots which have been

tied around the arms and legs are equally unimportant, because all that the medium has to do is done with his arms. It is also to be observed that none of the ropes are so passed as to interfere in any way with the taking off of his coat. In a case where his coat-sleeves are sewn together, all he has to do is to slip his coat over his head, pulling it from the neck. In order to get out of this sham tying the medium has only to bring his knees together, and carefully work the knot from the bottom, which enlarges the loops, and admits of his withdrawing his wrists again. When the medium, thus secured by braid or ropes, has been placed in a cabinet and the lights turned out, the condition being that he is to present embodied forms which will move among the audience, he simply performs the above operation, and dresses himself in whatever disguise his imagination prompts, but on this part of the imposture I need not particularise, as it has been already described in a previous number of this journal.

Perhaps the most famous tying trick done by the mediums, under pretence of spirit assistance, is that in which the medium is thrust into a bag, the mouth of which is not only tied but securely sewn, the ends of the thread sealed, and to prove that another bag has not been substituted, the autographs of the committee written upon the bag in ink. Notwithstanding these which might be considered infallible precautions, on the instant the light is turned down, the bag is thrown among the audience, and upon the lights being turned up again the medium is found stretched at full length and apparently unconscious; in the technique of the spiritist, "in a trance." The unconscious medium can give no explanation of this trick because he has been in that unhappy condition ever since the lights were turned down. No one of the whole *repertoire* of the spiritist delusion has a more startling effect than this when it is well done, because the conditions seem to exceed the human power of evasion.

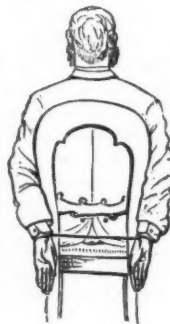


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

The requisites for its performance are that the medium shall be in a cabinet or behind a screen in a corner of the room, and that he shall have an assistant. These are the visible conditions. Another, of which spiritists do not inform their patrons, is a duplicate of the bag in which the me-



dium is to be tied, sewn, and seated. This duplicate bag the medium conceals in one leg of his trousers, and it reaches down to within a few inches of the foot, depending from the waistband, where it hangs until it is wanted. The bag is invariably just a little too short for the medium's figure. When he has thrust his head into the bag, which all the audience can observe, the assistant pushes him backwards into a chair and tells him to pull himself together or to draw up his legs. Fumbling about the medium's feet, the assistant the while placing his body between his friend and the observers, pulls down a duplicate bag, letting the ends hang out from beneath the folds of the original bag. He then, holding the ends of both in his hand, calls for a handkerchief with which to tie up the feet of the medium within. This he ties round the place where the enfolding bag joins that which depends from the medium's clothes, and so conceals the fact that there is another besides the one which the committee see.

When this is done the committee proceed with the sewing, sealing, and tying, all of which, by the instigation of the assistant, is done *close to the seal*, and not on the part above, which is really the bag the committee have seen; all is done below the handkerchief. When they have sewn the man in his bag as securely, according to their thinking, as ever an unfaithful sultana was in the fatal sack of the "Arabian Nights," the committee leave the medium in the congenial darkness. The position of the medium when left is shown in Fig. 4. Now the medium stretches his legs, when the bag slides out from beneath the handkerchief, and he is at liberty. The bag that has been around him he then conceals, and crumpling up the other to give it the appearance of having been used—it bears all the seals and signatures—he throws it into the midst of the astonished audience. The whole work of this takes fewer seconds than I have taken sentences to tell it, and the exhausted medium can then faint (or feint) at his pleasure.

## MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### MR. SPEAKER.—A CATCH.\*

1 Mis-ter Speak-er, though 'tis late, Mis-ter Speaker, though 'tis late, though 'tis late, I must length - - - en the de -

2 Ques-tion, ques-tion, ques-tion, question, question, hear him, hear him, hear, Sir, I shall name you if you

3 Or - der, or - der, or - der, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear, Pray sup-port the chair, pray support the

bate I must length - - - en the de-bate, Mis-ter Speak-er, though 'tis late, I must length-en the de-bate.

stir, if you stir, sir, I shall name you if you stir, sir, I shall name you, sir, I shall name you, sir, I shall name you if you stir.

chair, pray sup-port the chair, pray support the chair, ques-tion, or - der, hear him, hear, pray sup - port, sup-port the chair.

\* This Catch was composed by Joseph Baidon, of the Chapel Royal during part of the reigns of George II and George III, who was Organist of St. Luke's, Old Street, and of Fulham, in 1768. He was a member of the Catch Club in 1763. Although it is believed to have been written for a debating society it applies not the less in more important associations.

### IV.—PROTRACTED DEBATES.



IS not unworthy of notice that while these papers are passing through our monthly columns the words of the old catch quoted above should realise themselves in so remarkable a manner; nor uninteresting that one of our earliest papers should contain an account of the almost

obsolete usage of the House—the *naming* of a member—and that during that very month the ancient practice should have received so striking an exemplification. It is not less singular that a vexed question should arise to "lengthen the debate" in a manner and to an extent of time we believe unprecedented, if regarded from the length of the sitting, in the history of the House

of Commons. However it might have been with those who took part in this, or in such previous protracted debates, that was no doubt true in their case which was said by the old Scottish clergyman when asked if he "didna get very tired wi' preachin'." "Na, na," he said, "I dinna get tired, but eh! how tired the people get whiles!"

Something has no doubt been added to the romantic story of the history of the House of Commons during the present year; while yet much of that old romantic fire and glow which seemed to belong to it when it was—shall we say a more select?—certainly a more secluded assembly, appears to have faded away. Such scenes as those once witnessed in the House of Commons will in all probability never be witnessed again. St. Stephens is in danger of becoming a mere speaking trumpet, through which every dull and prosy representative keeps his constituents informed of his industry and his importance. It has been said that the heroic age of politics has passed, and we, perhaps, sigh over the splendid tournaments in St. Stephens a hundred years since, just as the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth sighed over the splendid jousts in which her bluff father and his predecessors indulged, and courtly knights killed each other in most lively amusement, and in pure good-humour. The days of the Parliamentary as well as of the knightly tournament appear to have passed, for the simple reason that the science of government has altogether changed.

Turning from the past pages of its history to the present, it seems that all the affairs of the House have assumed a more prosaic and practical turn. Yet some protracted debates, more especially in the olden times, have been well calculated to elicit warm tides of generous and true emotion. One of the greatest of these must have been the discussion on the Regency question in the first great illness of George III. What a conflict of Titans it seems! Our debate the other day upon Ireland and the Coercion Bill was, no doubt, even intensely interesting, and absorbed the attention of every part of the empire, and, perhaps, compared with that, it seems almost a small one—the question whether during the king's illness the queen-consort should have the entire charge and control of her own household, and of the servants about the sovereign; but while the debate on the Regency ran on night after night, and week after week, this one item alone in the discussion occupied twelve hours, Pitt, fighting like a giant inch by inch for the poor queen, and carrying his point by two hundred and twenty-nine against one hundred and sixty-five votes.

Perhaps a picture of the composition of the House and its struggles that night would be as representative of the passions and animation mingling in a protracted debate as any we could select from its general story; and did we not feel that we dare not stray, we might attempt such a picture of the scene in which we should find all the mighty actors at their best—Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Lord Pulteney, who was said, in the discussion, to have rendered more efficient service than any other to the cause of the queen, although, says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "His figure and dress always brought before me

Pope's Sir John Cutler; his dress was always threadbare, but his understanding always vigorous, and his arguments always perspicuous."

This is not the place to enter into the question whether party or principle have contributed most to protracted discussion. The history of party is, beyond question, the history of the House of Commons, especially from the time of the Revolution of 1688 to the passing of the Reform Bill. The first session of the Reform Parliament materially affected, if it did not dissolve party ties, and men often ask now, "Why party?" The question seems generous. On the other hand it has been said, "As there are sects in religion, why not parties in the State?" and it seems certain that men have ceased to be great powers in the political world when they have ceased to be great partisans. It was so with Wyndham, so with Brougham, although, as he drove away in his carriage from a house where they had been spending some days together, Rogers the poet looked after him and said, "There go Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more in one post-chaise!" It is said that his splendid talents failed to crown him with highest success because he had not the ballast of party. The cry of party—Whig or Tory—the conflict for party's sake—must have given material impetus and intensity to the speeches and passions of the House. And then it is to be remembered that this power of protracted discussion arises from that freedom of speech, the story of which we have already told.

There could be little danger of Parliaments being very protracted in their sittings when the whole House was simply regarded as one sponge held at the will of the royal hand to squeeze at pleasure. Thus the old Parliaments were very short. A session in the times of the Plantagenets and the early Tudors would last a week—a fortnight occasionally, but with much murmuring a month. As freedom of debate went on, and the interests of the nation increased, not only the sessions lengthened, but the sittings for debate also. In the earlier years of George III the debates usually commenced at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, closing at six or seven o'clock in the evening. The debate on the important Bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act for a whole year in 1722, lasted until seven o'clock in the evening. There was a warm debate on the Address in 1727, from two to six o'clock. But the debate on the Excise, when the "sturdy beggars," as Sir Robert Walpole called the petitioners, surrounded the House, was one of the longest then on record—twelve hours. Then a debate on the Property Tax, one of the most memorable, was carried on for nearly twelve hours without interruption, beginning soon after four in the afternoon, and ending at half-past three in the morning. And this reminds us how the change which had passed over the representation, and the crowding of business, gradually brought about an alteration in the hour of assembling. What would our present members think if called upon to meet, as the oldest Houses met, at cock-crowing, as the old journals of the House testify? And during the

time of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts, six and seven o'clock in the morning seem to have been the hours fixed by royal pleasure. Sometimes we read that business demanded an enforced breach of the Sabbath; then the members were commanded to meet for Divine Service in St. Margaret's Church, the parish church of the Parliament Houses, at six o'clock in the mornings, and to assemble in the House for business at nine. This looks very business-like, but to most of the members we also apprehend it would look very uncomfortable. Eight o'clock, however, continued for long years the usual ordinance hour for assembling; and thus we read the Long Parliament issued the order, April 19th, 1642: "That whosoever shall not be here at prayers every morning at eight o'clock, shall pay one shilling to the poor." Eight o'clock was the hour, but sometimes they protracted their debates in such a manner that the dinner-hour was interfered with. Members liked to dine at twelve, and unitedly sitting, they liked to rise unitedly, and punctually.

Major-General Desborough made a practical motion concerning this, in which he foretold consequences fatal to the interests of any debate if they did not have their dinner. "We shall grow angry," he said, "by one o'clock;" implying that this would hurry and perhaps give an unwise issue to the matters in hand. Also in those times they appear to have dreaded protracting their debates until late in the afternoon. It was in 1659 Serjeant Wyld spoke strongly against sitting in the afternoon. "This council," said he, "is a grave council, and sober, and ought not to do things in the dark." So thereupon on his motion they pressed the order that the House do rise every day at twelve o'clock, and that no new motion be made after twelve, but that Mr. Speaker is hereby enjoined to rise. Sir Arthur Hazellrigg said he "never knew any good come of candles;" and upon another occasion, when Sir William Widdrington brought in two candles from the clerk without the direction of the House, he was reproved for his unseemly behaviour, and sent to the Tower the next morning. Two candles in that grim building which we described in our first paper! It must have been indeed a spectral sight.

Still the business of the House increased, and protracted debates became inevitable. After the Restoration, still meeting at eight in the morning, the House continued its sitting until two o'clock—then the fashionable dinner-hour—and often met again and continued sitting until six, seven, and even nine o'clock, as Andrew Marvell's letters testify.

Sir Richard Steele, in the "Tatler," satirised the change. "The landmarks of our fathers," he said, "are removed and planted farther up into the day. The Courts of Justice in Westminster Hall are scarcely opened at twelve o'clock, the time when William Rufus used to get dinner in it. I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect to find congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock as a canonical hour. In my memory," he continues, "the dinner-hour has crept from twelve to three, and where it will fix

nobody records!" Townsend, in his "History of the House of Commons," referring to this passage, says, "A bold guesser might now fix upon a liberal nine!" The cause of the change of hours may be clearly seen. So long as the House was composed of country gentlemen, and other such, who were masters of their own time, these early and punctual sittings were practicable, but when the Commons came to be largely composed of lawyers, barristers of the Courts, merchants, and men of business from the City, consideration had to be taken of their cares and claims during the day, and so, gradually, an entire change came about. George III earnestly protested, even when a youth and Prince of Wales, against the practice of sitting till two o'clock. All his life he was an earnest believer in the "Early to bed and early to rise" doctrine. He lived to see the time when the hour at which he was usually getting to bed was that in which his Cabinet Ministers were just rising for the most important part of a great debate. Four o'clock became the hour at which the Speaker took the chair; then an hour was occupied with presentations of petitions, notices of motions, and private bills. Some time before six the matter of the grave and great debate was introduced, and held the House for several hours, and the division was called for somewhere about twelve o'clock at night.

In the whole history of the House of Commons never was a protracted debate so suddenly cut short as in 1831. It is indeed a most memorable circumstance.

In "Coningsby," Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated political novel, one of his characters, Mr. Ormsby, is represented as saying, "When the guns were firing over Vyvian's last speech and confession, I never expected to be asked to stand for Birmingham." What is the meaning of this sentence? Who was Vyvian, and how came the guns to fire over his speech? Unlike the writer of these papers, should the reader be unable to carry his memory back so far as 1831, he will find a solution in the second volume of the "Greville Memoirs." The country was in a strange and unhealthy excitement in the agitation for reform. The king desired reform; his Cabinet desired reform, but the House itself did not care to be reformed. On that April afternoon in 1831 never had the House been more agitated, not even during the seventeenth century, when it was going through all the agonies of a new birth. Several notices were before the House; the day following an Address was to be carried to the king, imploring him not to dissolve the House. The ministers were beaten in their tactics again and again. Then the king resolved on a *coup d'état*, and indeed it was a stroke of policy; and it was well that it was on the popular side.

The king determined to go down himself and to dissolve the House: nobody was aware of his design until within two or three hours of its accomplishment; few persons were aware of it at all. Still difficulties were in the way; they told him the cream-coloured horses could not be got ready. "Then," said he, "I'll go with anybody else's horses. I'll go down to Parliament in a hackney



coach!" Earl Russell says, in his most interesting *Reminiscences*: "Had such been the spirit of Louis XVI, he might have been the leader instead of the victim of the French Revolution." We are doubtful as to his lordship's verdict. Somebody was sent off in haste to the Tower for the crown; the king was determined. Ignorant of what was passing in the royal mind, the House of Commons was in a disturbed condition; it had met at two o'clock. Vyvian (see Coningsby)—Sir Richard Vyvian—had made a furious attack upon the Government upon every point, and considering how excited he was, Greville says it was very well done. Vyvian was called to order; the Speaker decided that he was in order. Mr. Tennyson disputed and defied his ruling (we wonder Mr. Tennyson was not "named"). At last the Speaker said "Sir Robert Peel was in possession of the House to speak on that motion;" and it was while he was pouring on the Government unmeasured torrents of invective and contempt, that the guns fired to announce to the House the arrival of the king; and the Black Rod knocked at the door to summon the Commons to the House of Peers. Even then Peel would not cease speaking; it is not wonderful if he even questioned the king's undoubted right to dissolve Parliament, for it was questioned in the Upper House. So the usually calm and courtly orator continued talking until his friends beside and behind him pulled him by force into his seat.

Things were worse in the Lords. Brougham, then Chancellor—and very probably the man who dropped this idea first into the king's receptive mind—Greville says, "was skipping in and out of the House, and making the most extraordinary speeches." Lyndhurst was furious; Londonderry held his riding-whip; he flourished it, rose, roared, and gesticulated, and had not four or five lords held him by the tail of his coat he would have flown on somebody. In the robing-room the king heard the uproar, and asked what it meant. Brougham hurried in to inform, and to receive him. Properly speaking, the king ought not to have worn his crown as he had not yet been crowned. However, it was then brought in haste from the Tower, and he said to Lord Hastings, "Hastings, I wear the crown; where is it?" Hastings advanced to put it on his head, but he said, "No; nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself!" So he put it on, and turned to the grave and highly proper and respectable Earl Grey, saying, "Now, my lord, the coronation is over." Greville declares there never was such a scene beheld by these actors, and we can well believe him; then, while the noisy Londonderry was flourishing his whip and shouting "Hear, hear, hear!" the king was seen ascending the steps of the throne. The crown was loose upon his head, and Lord Grey was standing beside him, grim and grave, with the sword of state in his hand. "It was," says Greville, "as if the king had got his executioner by his side, and the whole scene looked typical of his and our future destinies."

No harm came of it; but it was such a step as, in most other countries, would have borne mischievous fruit, but being an act on the popular

side, the workshops and firesides of the country—our own among the rest—resounded with praise for the pluckiness of the king. Certainly we may search many volumes of old records before we find a more odd instance than this of the *coup d'état*, by which William IV threw in the power of his prerogative to carry the Reform Bill by cutting short a protracted debate.

He was a very odd person, this bluff old king. There is another capital story told of him, a memorable scene, although not in the annals of protracted debates. It was upon the occasion of his opening the session of 1836, the day was singularly gloomy, and the House of Lords was singularly dark; the king's eyes were dull, too, with advanced years; he could not get comfortably through the speech, but he struggled patiently, hesitated, and made several mistakes, which he sought to correct. Lord Melbourne was by his right hand, and the king said, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the House, "Eh! what is it?" Melbourne whispered the obstructing word, and again the king proceeded to toil through the speech; but by the time he had nearly reached the end, the librarian brought him two wax candles. The king now took heart of grace; he suddenly stopped, and, on the spur of the moment, addressed the Lords and Commons in a perfectly distinct voice, "My lords and gentlemen, I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but, as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which I trust will command your attention." So he began at the beginning and read through the speech in a clear, firm, and even elegant manner. It is a pleasant little anecdote, illustrating the good sense and simplicity of the man.

Mr. Mark Boyd, in his very entertaining "*Reminiscences of Fifty Years*," gives an instance of a debate which he witnessed in the House of Commons, and which certainly was not protracted. Mr. Boyd was in the gallery of the House of Commons, introducing there a relative from the country, and with whom this was the first visit to the august assembly. A protracted debate was going on; this incident was an episode in it. Daniel O'Connell was speaking upon that very extensive and inexhaustible text, the wrongs of Ireland, and showing how that unhappy little "flower of the earth and gem of the sea" was drained of her beauty and her brilliancy to support the extravagancies of the mother country, when, to the amazement of Boyd and his friend, also to the horror of the whole House, a burly-looking, well-dressed man near to them shouted at the top of his voice, "You're a liar!" Down upon his seat dropped Dan with a promptitude quite conceivable. Also up from his seat rose the Speaker—Manners Sutton—and in firm mellifluous tones said, "Serjeant-at-arms, do your duty!" and in a moment the noisy offender was in custody and at the bar, in the presence of the whole House. "Prisoner at the bar," said the Speaker, "what have you to say in explanation of the grave insult you have offered to the dignity of the House?"

The circumstance was so unusual we do not



wonder to read that a quite solemn silence pervaded the assembly; but perfectly undaunted stood the prisoner, and with a jaunty facility he simply appeared to suppose that he would be permitted to express himself at length. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "when I heard the honourable and learned member for the county of Clare—" "Stop!" loudly exclaimed the Speaker, "you are adding insult to insult; I only ask you what explanation you have to give to the offended dignity of this House for the insult of which you have just been guilty?"

The prisoner appeared to be perfectly at his ease, in no way disconcerted or abashed; rather, on the contrary, he seemed to enjoy the temporary importance he had so rapidly attained. So he again essayed to address the House. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I do assure you that when I listened—" "Stop, sir," roared the Speaker, probably in a higher key than his voice had ever before attained. By this time the gravity of the House was broken, and convulsive peals of laughter shook the solemn assembly. Some members cried out, "Let the prisoner proceed with his explanation." A suppressed conversation passed on amongst the members, in the midst of which Mr. O'Connell rose, and appealed to the Speaker "whether it would not be better to dismiss the 'wretched man' at the bar,"—"but," says Boyd, "never was there a man who apparently less deserved the epithet 'wretched,'"—"rather than sacrifice the time of the House." Sir Robert Peel, however, master of courtly propriety, opposed this, and, as it was quite evident that the prisoner would not apologise without making a speech, apparently possessing to a large extent the *cacoethes loquendi*, Sir Robert proposed that the prisoner at the bar should be committed to the charge of the serjeant-at-arms and brought up in custody on the following day. This was accordingly done, and we suppose Mr. O'Connell resumed his speech. Next day the unfortunate man was placed at the bar. In the interval his eloquence had subsided; he found that his escapade was something more than a joke. In some words, most likely prepared for him, he made an ample apology to the insulted majesty of the British Commons. He was a Lancashire miller from Preston, and upon his return to his kith and kin he probably had the opportunity of boasting that he had spoken twice in the House of Commons, and the fees for doing this had only cost him about sixteen pounds! It has not often been that any one has had the opportunity of speaking before the assembled House for so low a figure! This refreshing little episode in the Story of Protracted Debates may certainly stand for one of the most compact and concise.

Protracted debates have not always arisen from the really intrinsic merits of the question under debate; how often from the wearisome prolixity of the speakers, reminding us of one interminable orator who, while haranguing almost empty benches, and gently remonstrated with by a friend sitting next to him, either by a pinch of the arm or a pull at the coat-tail, whispered, "I am speaking to posterity." "If you go on at this rate," said

his friend, "you will see your audience before you!" In the time of Burke, Hartley, a very prosy speaker, had all but cleared the House, but, for the purpose of illustrating his speech, he wished some portions of the Riot Act to be read. "You have read it already," said Burke; the "mob is dispersed!" This Hartley was famous in his day for speaking against time—a dreary, meandering talker. Once, as he rose to speak, Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool, the well-known minister, left the House, walked to his residence in Parliament Street, mounted his horse, and rode to Wimbledon, dined, mounted, and rode back, and, entering the House again, found Hartley still at it, exactly in the same place and attitude as he was between four and five hours before, prosing on to a patient—perhaps it can scarcely be said a pleased and attentive—few. Wraxall says, Liverpool told him this story, and, incredible as it seems, he has related it without exaggeration.

In olden times some expedients were adopted against excessive prolixity—such as the prohibiting either the reading of speeches, or sitting while speeches were made. The exceeding length of speeches seems to be of comparatively recent origin. During the ministry of Lord North speakers seldom occupied more than, or even so much as, an hour. We read of Horace Walpole, indeed, that, in 1738, his speech on the Spanish Convention took two hours and a half, but the length of this speech was mercifully regarded, as he had many documents to read. Then came the fierce opposition to Lord North's ministry, and sometimes two or three speeches took up the whole evening.

Brougham appears to have been the first who carried lengthy speaking through its long Alexandrine lines, and his speech on the improvement of the law occupied six hours in delivery, to which some one applied Sir Percy Shafton's euphemism, "It was a sweet song, but somewhat of the longest," and thus it is easy to perceive that when we speak of protracted debates, the cause may frequently be found in wearisome, diffuse—perhaps purposeless—speaking. It would seem that this ludicrously vapid style of talk reached its climax of illustration in Lord Castlereagh. It really seems incredible that any man could have attained a position so eminent who could be guilty of talking such unmeaning rubbish as that which we find set down to him by Earl Russell in the really interesting and delightful introduction to his own speeches and despatches. Russell says Castlereagh's speech was obscure, but he had a way of garnishing it with confused metaphors. He took three-quarters of an hour in telling the House of Commons that he did not mean to make any motion on the Treaties of Vienna, but that any private member was at liberty to do so. Upon another occasion he went on speaking upon what subject nobody could guess, when all of a sudden he drew himself up and exclaimed, "So much, Mr. Speaker, for the law of nations!" On another occasion, after he had spoken for an hour, tediously and confusedly, he exclaimed, "I have now proved that the Tower of London is a common-law principle!" Of Spain he declared that "the pen-

dulum had swung so far on the side of Jacobinism that it afterwards swung quite as far on the side of anti-Jacobinism, which had prevented it from settling in a middle point!" Every one, says Earl Russell has heard of his earnest exhortation to the country gentlemen "not to turn their backs upon themselves." He is said to have closed one of his long-winded orations with the little word "its." All this is very singular, for he was the leader of a party—a great English minister; and until near the close of his life, says Earl Russell, a very successful leader of the House of Commons. He does not stand as one of the lovable memories of our modern statesmen. "Why," said Tom Moore, "is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh? Do you give it up?"

"Because it is a slender thing of wood,  
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway;  
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood,  
It coolly spouts, and spouts, and spouts away!"

The protraction of debate must depend very much upon the pressure of opinion outside the House. If we read the political memoirs of any of our recent and leading statesmen, we shall not fail to notice how the years passed on, while from session to session the great question first mooted was in the course of agitation, until the crowning hour of triumph came, and the victory was won. The history of every great question illustrates this—the Anti-Slavery measures, Educa-

tion, the Catholic Emancipation Bill. Lord John Russell introduced the question of Reform of Parliament in 1819; it was not until 1832 that any measure to that end really passed. The story of the statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel also strikingly illustrates this. How singular to find the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel striking an alliance together, shaking hands upon the determination to support intact Protestantism, or the opposition to the measure for Catholic emancipation; and Protection, or opposition to the repeal of the corn laws; and being compelled to yield to public opinion, and cry, "We surrender" to both!

A protracted debate, in the higher consideration of those words, presents a series of suggestive scenes and impressions. It is not merely the conflict of great talkers, the personal gladiatorship of the Titans in the arena of the State; it is really the conflict of great ideas—perhaps renewed from session to session—almost, may we not say, sometimes from generation to generation? How long the conflict wages before the strife is brought to a triumphant issue. Does not our House of Commons also illustrate the well-known lines, how—

"Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won!"

and therefore in some subsequent paper we shall yet return to some more startling incidents in the history of Protracted Debates.

## NOTES FROM BRITTANY.\*

### I.—MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.



THE strange usages which attend marriages in Lower Brittany vary according to the localities, but ascend to a very remote antiquity. In some districts, as in the Ile aux Moines, for example, it is the young women who ask the young men in marriage; in others the young man can lead his betrothed to the altar only after employing for a long time a village bard, called the "Talker," to do for him the work of persuasion.

In Côtes-du-Nord, again, even after all arrangements for the marriage have been actually completed, the young woman does not leave her father's house for either the church or the mayor's office until two rhymers put in an appearance, one in the name of the bridegroom and the other on behalf of herself and her parents, when in her presence they pretend to dispute and quarrel in

rhyme, one arguing his claim for having possession, and the other for refusing possession of the bride. The well-known Breton poem "Mari" (Mary)—for "Mari" is a kind of representative appellation for a wife amongst the Bretons—gives a lively though somewhat ridiculous picture of this poetical struggle for the bride.

It should, however, be here explained that all this happens only after the parents or the natural guardians on both sides have come to a mutual understanding on the subject, and have agreed, although they but seldom—even when intimately acquainted and closely allied by friendship—personally broach the delicate question of marriage between their children.

A tailor, the arch-gossip of the parish, is employed as a match-maker, going in Brittany under the title of "Baz-valan," or the yellow stocking, from a custom still prevalent of presenting the match-making tailor with a pair of yellow stockings, in which he appears very conspicuously at both feast and ceremony. The yellow stockings are

\* We are indebted to a correspondent long resident in Brittany for these notes in illustration of M. Laby's pictures.



A BRETON CHRISTENING PARTY.

a way of complimenting him for his tact in bringing the marriage negotiations to a successful issue. The tailor is deputed by the young man's father to visit the home of the young woman, and he is invested with full authority in the matter. All bids well if he can bring about a meeting between the parents. The object of his visit is known at once upon his inviting the father to fill his pipe from his tobacco-box, added to the fact of his being a tailor. The young woman takes no part in the interview. If the tailor's visit prove a successful one, the parents on both sides, the young people, and the tailor meet at one of the village taverns. The young people themselves take no part in the transaction as yet; the two fathers only decide if they are to be married or not. The question is settled just in the same spirit as if they were disposing of a yoke of oxen. It is a bargain to be struck to the highest bidder. The parties mostly interested are often perfect strangers, and they are not permitted to exchange words with each other during the whole of the discussion.

Then follows the *gweladen* on the morrow, or the day after—that is the “review” of the property on both sides in order to get mutual satisfaction on the money and dowry question—raised on the previous day. The wealth of the two families is closely inspected. Should a difference of three or four francs arise, the transaction at the tavern comes to nought. It is the grand-parents, if alive, who generally do this work of inspection. The question of property agreed upon the marriage contract is drawn out, and signed before a notary, an important personage in Brittany. A month elapses, and they appear before the mayor, who performs what they call a civil marriage. The orthodox Breton custom, and still observed in the country villages, is to allow another month to pass before they appear at the altar in church to have the religious ceremony performed, and in this case the parties return to their respective homes during the interval.

The young couple with their parents attend one of those numerous fairs to make their wedding purchases. The young man, after having bought his wedding hat, will, according to a Breton custom, thrust the new upon the old one, leaving to the former its shop paper covering which announces that this double and grotesque head-gear forms a recent purchase. The only presents which he makes to his intended wife are a belt and the nuptial ring; this belt costs four or five francs at most. The nuptial ring is ordinarily of silver, and costs only two or three francs. It is of gold only when the husband and wife occupy a high position in Breton society.

Invitations to the marriage ceremony are given on a very large scale, for the smallest wedding counts at least three hundred to four hundred guests. Relatives and friends generally bring with them a present for the bride, which they sometimes carry with them to church and back. In some districts the bride's dress is of scarlet cloth trimmed with alternate bands of silver or gold lace and black velvet. Her bodice is richly embroidered. Her large collar and high head-dress of fine linen and lace are dazzlingly

white. In many parts the young wife appears in church in her grandmother's or great-great-grandmother's dress—these rich garments are only used on very rare occasions—they are transferred from generation to generation. A touching custom common in *Côtes-du-Nord*, is that of having a solemn service performed the day after the marriage in honour of the relatives they have lost.

After the nuptial ceremony at church they wend their way to the tavern where the wedding feast is prepared, and afterwards adjourn to the large plot of ground behind to indulge in that pastime of the Bretons, dancing, of which they are so passionately fond. They dance to the sound of the bagpipe, or *binion*, and hautboy, which form the orchestra of the Bretons. At the end of the feast the married couple pay a visit to the beggars, who sit in ranges outside the tavern, and who have also had their share of the good cheer. They choose from amongst them a man and a woman as partners, with whom they open the dance.

## II.—CHRISTENING CEREMONIES.

As soon as a child is born in Armorica, now called Brittany, the father dons his Sunday attire, and is at once busily engaged in making his invitations for the feast on the morrow, which follows immediately after the baptismal ceremony at church; and the latter, as a rule, takes place amongst the Bretons the day after the child's birth. The mother does not attend. A servant is also dispatched in haste to the manse and to one of the borough taverns, to inform the priest and the publican that their services will be in requisition on the morrow, the former to baptize the newborn Breton “heathen,” and the latter to prepare the feast for the reception of the little heathen when transformed into a Christian; for this is a saying amongst them, that the child enters the church a heathen and comes out a Christian. After a custom of time immemorial the baptismal feast at the tavern is a necessary complement of the ceremony at the baptismal font.

Three peals of the church bells announce to the parish the birth of a new parishioner; the priest puts on his surplice, and goes to await the arrival of the party under the church porch. Within the church he begins by putting some grains of consecrated salt upon the child's lips, repeating at the same time in a loud voice the name of the patron saint chosen for the child. At his right stands the beadle, holding in one hand the shell with the mysterious salt, and in the other a wax taper, as a symbol of faith.

Opposite the priest are the young godfather and godmother (who are generally betrothed lovers). The young godfather, with his great brown breeches, his pleated waistcoat, and long hair floating on his shoulders, and the broad-brimmed felt hat with its double and triple rows of velvet, enriched with silver ornaments, holds his head high, and knits his brow at the cries of his godson; the godmother has that calm, collected air, which even a distant view of their church inspires in the Breton women. The father stands behind, with that abashed and stupid air which seems to



indicate that he is half ashamed of his paternity. The child is attended by the nurse.

The ceremony at an end, the priest does his coat, ascends the choristers' desk, and begins to sing a *Te Deum*; sometimes he sings alone, but oftener he is accompanied by the beadle. The beadle plays various parts—is in fact a religious and political factotum. To-day, for example, he places himself under the tower, where the cords attached to the two bells hang as far as the ground; and there, his face towards the choir and one cord passed under each arm, he labours to fulfil the functions of singer and bell-ringer. The contortions which this double exercise obliges him to make are at times ludicrous to witness.

When the *Te Deum* is finished the chiming of the bells continues. The priest reads a portion of the gospel, then presents the child to the godfather and godmother. If it is a male child they make him kiss the edge of the altar; if a female they take good care to allow her to kiss its balustrade only, which is one of the first proofs of the

secondary position which the Breton woman holds from birth to the day of her death.

The baptismal ceremony thus concluded, the whole troupe enter the vestry, where, after having registered the child in the book of the faithful, in the midst of those crosses and signatures half an inch long, they emerge from the edifice, the procession headed by the godfather and godmother, followed by the nurse bearing her burden, the child's little sister accompanying her. Then comes the father, and with him are two or three female friends. Some of the village children meet them near the church door, and the godfather in a generous mood throws them a handful of sweets or halfpence. One of the female friends carries a loaf of white bread, which has just been blessed by the priest, and which will be cut in small square pieces and reverently distributed amongst the child's relatives and friends, the larger piece of it being hung in a small satchel around the child's neck, and believed by its parents to act as a talisman to guard it against all evils.

## RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

BY REV. M. KAUFFMANN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SOCIALISM: ITS NATURE, ITS DANGERS, AND ITS REMEDIES CONSIDERED," ETC.

### II.



OW are the demands of Nihilism to be met; what are the measures to be adopted, if any, to quell the growing spirit of discontent? "What shall I do with Bakunin?" said the Emperor Nicholas, after that revolutionist's release from the

Austrian prison where he had been incarcerated on account of his political agitation; "I cannot hang him." And so the Tzar of all the Russias sent him into Siberian exile, from which Bakunin, however, escaped after some time, not a wiser, but a wilder man. It was a typical act of autocratic clemency, which has been all along the characteristic of imperial policy towards Nihilist conspirators. It is no less than a confession of impotence on the part of despotism when brought face to face with the hydra of anarchy which it helped in creating but cannot destroy.

It is thus that the Nihilist revolution has taken its course, gaining volume and momentum, sometimes through the encouragement given by judicial leniency and imperial connivance, at other times gaining strength through the resistance and repression of those in power.

The latter method has been recommended by some. There is no danger in a strong policy of repression, says Nicolai Karlowitsch, whose work on the development of Nihilism has been received with general approbation by the Russian press. And for this he relies on the religiously monarchical disposition of the people, the trustworthiness of the army, and the loyalty of the greater portion of the educated people. But it is a notorious fact that,

with the growing contempt for an ignorant and corrupt clergy and their superstitious formalism, the religious sentiment of the people has been considerably weakened, whilst the ranks of Nihilism have been reinforced by clerics and their families, the so-called clerical proletariat, and also by a large number of persecuted dissentients from the "orthodox church." Again, as to the army, we are told by Signor Arnaudo in his able and comprehensive book on Nihilism, that here, too, there are no less than three kinds of malcontents: those who are enrolled by a merciless system of conscription against their will; those who are pressed into the service as a punishment for political offences and misdemeanors; and finally, those discontented non-commissioned officers who are not permitted to rise from the ranks, but are condemned to pass their lives in subordinate posts whilst sprigs of the nobility are set over them, whose supercilious air towards veterans grown old in the service, adds to the irritation, and makes the army a fruitful field for the seeds of discontent sown sedulously by Nihilist agitators. As for the loyalty of the educated classes, it is well known that the sympathies with the Nihilist propaganda are as strong here as among the enlightened circles of French society before the outbreak of the Revolution. And, it may be added, as the legists of France, the administrators of the *ancien régime*, were among the very first to receive with enthusiasm the subversive Socialist theories of the eighteenth century, so in the ranks of Russian officials there are numerous sympathisers with the Nihilist movement. In

fact, it may be said of every educated Russian of the day, that, Nihilist or not, in social questions and economic theories he is prepared to believe in the least realisable Utopian scheme and to be captivated by the most chimerical theories. Herein lies the chief danger to society. Much of the rebellious spirit of the higher classes is owing to the persistent exclusion of able men of social position and culture from a share in the government of the country, directly or indirectly, whilst this is carried on nominally by the Tzar, but in reality by a small knot of military and diplomatic favourites who surround his person and enjoy his confidence.

Not until some voice in public matters is given to the educated classes, and promotion is facilitated in the ranks of the army—not until timely land reforms have been adopted to complete the work of emancipation in securing the independent development of the rural communes—in short, not until social and political reforms have been introduced—is there any hope of these three sections of society becoming truly loyal. The ruling classes, the army, and the people will learn to defend existing institutions when they have learned to appreciate their value.

To know approximately the nature of such reforms we have only in brief to consult some of the suggestions in an official report made to the Emperor by one of the Provincial Assemblies. Speaking of the grave causes of discontent which exist in Russian society, and which at this moment foment the Nihilistic movement, in putting the bulk of the people into antagonism towards the Government, they suggest, among other things: Liberty of speech, freedom of the press, judicial reforms to gain respect for the laws, an improved system of education, and some sort of popular representation. The "Great Empire of Police," in short, is to become a self-governing body, and the system of Knoutocracy (*i.e.*, government by lash abolished by law, but not altogether abandoned in practice) is to be replaced by constitutional government. At present the palace of the Tsars, like a sentinel, stands opposite to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which State prisoners are languishing, and, it is rumoured, undergoing secret tortures, incarcerated for life in the damp, dark cells, saturated with the waters of the Neva flowing by the prison walls. This symbolises the close connection between despotism and secret plotting, autocracy and conspiracy. Constitutional freedom is, therefore, the first step towards national regeneration and the restoration of social peace. Judicial reforms come next in order. At present, we are told by a competent authority, "a civil suit is, in fact, an auction in which the highest bidder prevails on the judge to select from the code the decree which he requires to put him in the right." Another reliable eye-witness concludes a long indictment against the corruptions of the Russian courts of justice in these remarkable words: "The nature of Russian law may be described in a few lines, in fact, in a few words—*Arbitrariness, legal violence, denial of justice, passive obedience.*" For such abuses immediate remedial measures have to be adopted, if the spirit of lawlessness is not to

spread further than it has done already. Again, a reduction of the war-tax, both in men and money, and a healthy reconstruction of the financial and fiscal system, has become imperative, so as to lessen the burdens which oppress the nation and lame industry, and so prevent a healthy development of the vast resources of the country.

But such material improvements are conditioned by the education of mind and heart in the bulk of the nation, and the formation of character by means of mental, moral, and religious culture. Faulty education, out of all harmony with practical life, and limited education with an intention to nip in the bud the liberal aspirations of the young, have had the effect of producing a rebellious spirit in school and college, so that the enthusiasm of youth has been enlisted in the service of Nihilism. A reformed and less restrictive system of education will have the contrary effect in creating higher ideals as opposed to the existing materialistic views of life and in stemming the current of cynical scepticism which is undermining Russian society.

Unfreedom has not only enslaved the people hitherto, it has also morally brutalised them. The liquor traffic of the Government, farmed out to irresponsible speculators, has produced and even enforced a fearful amount of intemperance, so that *vodka* (a cheap brandy of bad quality) has become the "opium of peasants," to soothe them into political slumber. Teetotalers were flogged at one time into drinking, clergymen were ordered to preach against them in the pulpits, and publications denouncing the immorality of the liquor trade were confiscated. No wonder the revenue yielded £32,000,000 sterling a year. But at what price?—the moral degradation of the people by drink at the expense of raising one-third of the national budget on drink thus consumed.

The power of personal self-restraint must precede the right of self-government, and individual self-improvement the introduction of social reform. But moral self-control depends, in a great measure, on the power of religion over a people, and of what sort it is.

"The Russian clergy," we are told by Iwan Golowin, a witness worthy of all consideration, "has no deep faith; the pope—*i.e.*, the parochial clergyman—is a *drunkard*, and the cross is made of wood," rhymes in Russian; the sons and daughters of clergymen are pronounced *Nihilists*. Like priests, like people. The demoralised condition of the latter is owing to the degenerate character of the former, and a reformation of Church and State alike is required to preserve the Russian people from national decrepitude.

That there are latent powers and possibilities of such a regeneration we have no doubt, and we can only express the hope that the present dejection of Nihilism, and the appointment of Loris Melikoff, the representative of moderation in government, to restore social order may be the earnest of better things to come, the beginning of a new era, the reign of law and liberty in the place of an effete system of corruption and coercion, the healthy growth in the material and moral well-being of the people after the remaining impediments to progress have been successfully removed.

## Varieties.

**Turner's "Shipwreck."**—The first engraving ever made from an oil picture by Turner was "The Shipwreck," painted in 1805 for Lord de Tabley, at that time Sir John Fleming-Leicester. Lady Leicester having lost a favourite nephew at sea, and being unable to endure the painful associations evoked by the scene, the picture was exchanged by Sir John for another, the "Sun Rising in a Mist," now in the National Gallery. Copies of this engraving have been sold for fifty, even for eighty, guineas. A reproduction in tints appears in the "Sunday at Home" for March.

**Pneumatic Clocks.**—We find in a French journal an account of the new principle of time-keeping, which some think will supplant ordinary clockwork, and supersede the use of electricity for keeping uniform time. Pneumatic clocks prevent all causes of irregularity, of which the principal has been hitherto the impossibility of finding a force equable and constantly the same. In these clocks there is a single movement and a unique force, which causes the large hands of the immense public dial, as well as the delicate needles of the private *salon*, to proceed uniformly. Though there may be hundreds of dials, and some thousands of private timepieces, the pneumatic force, augmented at times in a fixed proportion, will never be otherwise than uniform, and the movement one. The invention, however, is not new. The public might have seen the pneumatic clocks working at the Exhibition of 1878, and during the last three years they have been used in Austria with the greatest success. A company has been formed in Paris, and in several of the *arrondissements* is already at work successfully. The principle simply is to compress air by powerful air-pumps, and store it in immense reservoirs of sheet-iron, and thence distribute by pipes. Every minute there will be distributed from the supply-reservoir into the pipes fitted up for the public clocks, as well as the timepieces of apartments, a volume of compressed air of a cubic metre and a half, capable of exercising a pressure sufficient to make advance for a minute the hands of all the clocks. This operation, repeated ever so many times, and even for years, will always be alike. The hands of the clocks will always advance at the same time, and without there being any remounting, regulating, or cleaning. A simple pipe, grafted on the principal branches of air distribution, will set all the clocks of your house, if you wish it, in immediate contact with the central reservoir. Without removal, without the expense of fitting up, in return for a few centimes of payment per day, you will have at home, during some years, the exact and invariable time. A day will soon come when it will be sufficient to turn a tap in order that every citizen, on the first or sixth storey, may have at his house the town-time. The company will furnish the domestic timepieces as they furnish the dials of the public streets, that is to say, gratuitously. Thus the public will have for a few francs not only their gas and water, but also the hour of the day by means of a tap. The plan is ingenious. It will not be easy to secure either this uniformity of pressure or freedom from accidents, which are of little consequence in one house, but would be mischievous if overtaking a whole parish.

**Thin Sowing and Tilling.**—Numerous trials have demonstrated that the crop of wheat on any given area is about the same, whether the seed is thickly or thinly sown. For example: a single grain planted in September upon a space nine inches square has been found to give at harvest as many ears as if that space had been occupied by twelve times the number of grains. This result is due to the grand characteristic of "tilling" (throwing out new stems from the one at first produced) possessed by all cereals, but in practice never allowed to be exercised. [So little are the French agriculturists acquainted with the great tilling characteristic

of the cereals that *they have no word to express it.*] For example, where twelve grains are sown upon the space which should be occupied by one, all "tilling" is effectually choked. We have still our three and one-eighth millions of ears per hectare, but each ear, instead of containing twenty-two grains upon the average, as under the ordinary practice, now on the average contains fifty. It is quite true that in our fields of wheat, as ordinarily sown, we meet occasionally with fine ears, but upon close examination it will be found that these proceed from plants around which all others have been destroyed; in other words, they have been set free to "tiller." In the "North British Agriculturist" there was a report of a remarkable yield from thin-sown wheat, but of a good variety, the Pedigree Victoria, of Major Hallett, of Sussex. It was on the home farm of Leslie House, Fife, the property of the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie. Only one bushel of seed per imperial acre was drilled in on the 8th November, 1879, on land thoroughly drained and grubbed eighteen inches deep, by steam power. The average length of straw was about four feet eight inches. The crop was reaped on the 8th September last, and since then seven quarters, or fifty-six bushels of grain per imperial acre, have been thrashed. One bushel thus produced fifty-six, which is an extraordinary return.

**India under English Rule.**—The condition of the people was, no doubt, poor compared with that of the people of England, but trade and industry were thriving, and would certainly compare with the palmiest days of the Moguls. Wages were rising. The dangers on the Indian horizon were fivefold. First and foremost, there was the periodical recurrence of famine; second, the financial derangement by reason of the silver exchange; third, the death rate was undoubtedly high, by reason of unsanitariness; fourth, there was the political, administrative, and ultimately financial derangement caused by the war cloud which was always threatening the Afghan frontier; and fifth, there was a danger from the priesthood, in seeing their religion undermined, and from a feudal aristocracy which could not get on so well with a civilised Government as in the days when revolutions were the rule. While laying down this last statement he wished it to be distinctly known as his opinion that the mass of the people and the native States were loyal to their Queen and Empress, and contented with the English rule.—*Sir Richard Temple.*

**1881.**—The year 1881 is an arithmetical curiosity. From right to left and left to right it reads the same. Eighteen divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 gives 9; if divided by 9 the quotient contains a 9; if multiplied by 9 the product contains two 9s; 1 and 8 are 9; 8 and 1 are 9. If the 18 be placed under the 81 and added the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus: 1, 8, 8, 1, it will give 18. Reading from left to right it is 18, and 18 is two-ninths of 81. It also reads the same upside down, the first year capable of being so read since 1691 (see p. 154).

**Memorable Scenes in Parliament.**—The speech of Mr. Gladstone after the expulsion of the Irish obstructionists will be memorable in history. Here is the peroration:—"The only mode of meeting the resources of that new art, the latest invention of the nineteenth century, is for the time to carefully leave the power in wise and judicious hands, or otherwise business will be played against business, and no business be made into business. I know self-conceit does not beseech a great assembly, yet self-respect does. It does appertain to our self-respect now, when we stand on our trial before the world, which is teeming with comments upon our proceedings—when, after much patience and long suffer-



ing, we have addressed ourselves to this necessary work, that we should not meet it with a half measure or a weak and faltering compromise, but with something that will attain the end. As to the third amendment, we are ready to consider it. I am asking the minority of the House to place some reliance on the spirit of equity and the sense of honour of the majority. I do not think it can be separate from any proceedings of this kind, but this I must say—they are not dependent only upon the honourable or equitable feeling of that majority considered as individuals, because there is an atmosphere of honour and of equity within these ancient and traditional walls. There is a dominant inflow of these influences from every part of the country, and these influences will all array themselves on the side of the minority, and would, as I believe, bring within due bounds any majority which was disposed to abuse its power over the minority. Making that admission on the one hand—and I make it in larger terms than some would—I now close this address in making the most earnest appeal that it is possible for a man or a minister to make. Nearly half a century in this House cannot leave me indifferent to its honour. Personally, my prospective concern in this arrangement is small. My lease is all but run, out, but there are those here who for years, and even for generations, will live, as I hope, to render honourable and splendid service to their country. The House of Commons has never, since the first day of its desperate struggle for existence, stood in a more serious crisis—in a crisis of character and honour, not of external security, but of character and honour which are its essence. As you value the duties committed to you, as you value the traditions you have received, as you estimate highly the interests of this vast Empire, not too nicely and microscopically discuss this or that secondary improvement, upon which we might differ for ever, but without delay, without hesitation, after the challenges which have been addressed to you, after what you have suffered to-night, rally to the performance of a great public duty, and determine that you will continue to be, as you have been, the mainstay of the power and glory of your country, and that you will not degenerate into the laughing-stock of the world."

**Jack Robinson.**—Lord Eldon left an anecdote-book in manuscript, in which he noted the following: "During the debates on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said, 'Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes.' Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. 'Who is it? Name him! Name him!' 'Sir,' said Sheridan to the Speaker, 'I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson.'"

**Foreign Mission Contributions.**—The annual summary of British contributions to seventy societies for Foreign mission work during the financial year 1879, prepared by Canon Scott Robertson, of Sittingbourne, shows a slight increase upon the total of the previous year. The summary is as follows:—Church of England Missions, £449,886; joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £156,985; English Nonconformist societies, £297,382; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, £174,313; and Roman Catholic societies, £8,112, making a total of £1,086,678. This amount does not include any interest on investments, or balances in hand at the beginning of the year, or Foreign contributions.

**Longevity of Medical Men.**—The calendars of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, London, give some rare examples of longevity amongst their fellows and members, viz.: Archibald Billing, F.R.C.P., of Park Lane, completes his 90th year on the 10th inst.; Joseph Hurlock, F.R.C.P., of Brighton, is 88; Sir Thomas Watson, Bart., F.R.S., D.C.L., 88; Alexander Tweedie, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., 86; James Arthur Wilson, F.R.C.P., of Holmwood, near Dorking, 85; Bissett Hawkins, F.R.S., F.R.C.P., 84; Sir James Alderson, F.R.S., late President of the Royal College of Physicians, 80; Christopher J. R. Allatt, F.R.C.P., of Dover, 80; Sir

George Burrows, Bart., F.R.S., D.C.L., late President of the Royal College of Physicians, 79; James Muscroft, F.R.C.S., of Pontefract, 95; T. M. Greenhow, F.R.C.S., of Leeds, 90; Robert Tayler, F.R.C.S., of Brighton, 91; James Moncrieff Arnott, F.R.S., late President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 87; John Flint South, F.R.C.S., of Blackheath, 84; Casar Henry Hawkins, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Serjeant Surgeon to the Queen, of Grosvenor Street, 83; James Luke, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Consulting Surgeon to the London Hospital, 83; Robert M'Cormick, R.N., F.R.C.S., Deputy Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, 83. This gentleman accompanied Sir Edward Parry as Assistant Surgeon in her Majesty's ship *Hecla*, in the attempt to reach the North Pole in 1827.

**Beware! Beware!**—At a Cincinnati wedding the organist occupied the time previous to the advent of the bride and groom by playing various voluntaries, and just before they arrived at the church door he struck into the very familiar refrain, "Trust her not, she's fooling thee," with elaborate extemporaneous variations. While he was hard at it the bridal party entered the church, but the professor, totally oblivious of the fact, kept on until the bridal party was well on its way to the altar, when he jumped into the "Wedding March" with an emphatic suddenness that nearly took the wind out of the man at the bellows.

**Drought in 1880.**—While throughout the year 1880 our English papers have been recording rainfalls and floods almost unprecedented, we hear from the other side of the Atlantic that the absence of rain has in many parts been equally without a parallel. In New Brunswick the men engaged in building the new Houses of Assembly at Fredericton only lost one day and two half days from rain between May 1st and November 3rd, and a private letter from Fredericton gives an account of a singular effect of the drought in a "jam" of logs at the Grand Falls on the Upper St. John river. Owing to the dry season, twenty million logs lay high and dry on the banks of the river, instead of being carried down by the "spring freshets" to the sea. In September a heavy rain-storm made the lumber-men think they could be floated, so "stream-drivers" rolled them into the river, all in vain—the water was too low to carry them over the Falls, being many feet below the spring level. They gradually accumulated, and in October "jammed" at the cataract, filling it, the gorge below, and the whole bed of the river and rocks, for a quarter of a mile. The millions of logs were a grand and unprecedented sight. Excursion trains ran daily; every shutter, fence, and door was placarded with "Great jam!" nothing else was thought or talked of. "Have they started?" "Have they run?" "How's the jam?" was on every lip, and photographers took capital views. Heavy rains came opportunely; the open weather, too, favoured the lumber-men, and most of the logs have been saved, much chafed and injured, but not a total loss. Fears were entertained for the railway bridges, but only one is injured by the logs piling against the piers. Fourteen millions were got into "boom" and rafted, and have been towed down by steam-tugs to the mills, which are as busy as in summer, a boon to the mill-men, who were idle at the usual time for sawing, and, making no money, were groaning about a hard winter.

**Dog Shows.**—Dr. J. Gordon Stables sends the following anecdote of two St. Bernards, giving a practical hint to all who have the management of dog shows: The dogs were two of the largest and finest in the country, and had taken more prizes than any two others of the same breed. They were kennel-mates, and loved each other like brothers, until the misunderstanding took place which led to the scene I am about to describe. It is even highly probable that they made it up afterwards and still "lived and loved together." However, it was early on one of the mornings of a great Birmingham Show, little past eight indeed, and having press work to finish among the dogs, I was there betimes. Except the keepers and a few other reporters and exhibitors, there were not, I should think, thirty people in the great hall. Now Monk and The Shah, the property of Mr. Gresham, of Sheshford, were benched close beside each other, with only the usual galvanised wire-work partition separating them. I was among the fox-terriers talking to some friends, when suddenly our ears were assailed by that horrible "hubbering" gurgling



noise that proceeds from two great dogs engaged in fierce encounter, and next moment we were rushing, like everybody else in the building, towards the St. Bernard benches. The Shah and Monk were fighting across the wire fence. We soon discovered that Monk's head was completely fixed on the top of the partition, the upper wire of which had got through the spring hook of the poor dog's collar. Though The Shah of course had the advantage, Monk fought fiercely. I sprang up and got astride of Monk, but to undo the spring with two thicknesses of wire in it was no easy matter; it took fully five minutes, and five minutes' fiercer fighting between two dogs I never saw; however, I succeeded at last, and I think Monk as I led him down and off was far from ungrateful. But here is the thing I want to draw attention to: Monk's head had been fastened to the top wire for some considerable time before The Shah lost his temper; and very likely had the latter known the circumstances he would not have fought with his kennel-mate at all. You see poor Monk's head was a fixture, and he couldn't understand how he was unable to remove it. Probably The Shah spoke to Monk in quite a neighbourly way at first, thus: "Well, brother Monk, you've had a good look, perhaps you will now remove your head." "I can't," from Monk. "Come, come, Monk, don't be cheeky. It's not pleasant to be overlooked like that, so long, you know. Besides, this is my kennel, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, remove your head, there's a good old fellow." "I can't." "You won't you mean;" and The Shah would lose temper, and then—That fight was a warning against the cruelty of having dogs at shows so benched that fighting is an every-show-day occurrence.

**Horse Shoes.**—The following letter, quoted in a recently published volume on "Horses and Roads" (Longmans), touches a question which the traffic in our city streets makes every year more important. We have but in part surmounted the difficulties caused by the first introduction of asphalt. Messrs. Smith and Son, of East Smithfield, write: "Some six or seven years ago we began having our horses shod for the fore feet on the Charlier principle, or a method akin to it. We had shoes made of about one-third the usual weight, of half the width, and of rather harder iron. In putting them on, the hoof was not cut or pared, with the exception of a small groove made in what we may call the edge of the hoof; into this the shoe was inserted. By this system the horse's hoof is on the ground, as if he were unshod; but it is protected from breaking by the thin rim of iron at its edge. We found this shoe answer admirably; but the difficulty in getting it made and put on prevented us using it on more than a few horses until quite lately. We have found no horses that it does not suit; and for young horses running on the London stones, for horses with tender feet or corns, and to prevent slipping, it is of great service. We have lately been able to use it to a larger extent, and have now some forty horses, of all sizes, from the cob to those of seventeen or eighteen hands, at work on the London stones and country roads, shod in this way. These are facts which can be verified. From a business point of view it is also important; the use of these shoes would, in London alone, by preventing the laming and wearing out of horses, save many thousands of pounds every year."

**An Old Sussex Worthy.**—Among the old worthies of Sussex was Mr. Thomas Holt, of Petworth, farmer, and agent to the Royal Exchange Assurance Company. He was born in April, 1752. It was his custom to go once or twice a year to London, about fifty miles from his house, always on foot, and in one day of thirteen hours, returning the next day but one in the same manner. His last journey was on the 23rd of October, 1836, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, but he said he was able to go again if it should be necessary. If he ever felt out of sorts he started for Brighton, thirty miles, walked on the beach in the evening, and returned home quite invigorated the next day. He never touched spirits nor fermented liquor, and never smoked. He ate heartily, but only drank milk, water, or tea. On his long London journeys he took a piece of cake in his pocket, and his expenses never exceeded three-halfpence for milk. Yet he was not miserly but liberal in his affairs. He never could be induced to ride in a wheel carriage. Lord Leconfield often tried to get him to ride in passing or meeting him on the road, but he always

refused. Once he went to a funeral six miles distant, but before he had got half-way he said he felt his head bad with the rumbling, and got out to walk the rest of the way. Lord Egremont had his portrait painted by H. W. Phillips, and drawn on stone by R. T. Lane, A.R.A., the lithograph being dedicated to the Patrons and Presidents of the British and Foreign Temperance Society. After the death of his wife he never went to bed, but sat on a sofa every night for two years, and he died, when thus sitting asleep, in his ninety-third year. We have seen the portrait of this fine old Sussex yeoman.

**David the King and the Penitent.**—Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Of all acts is not, for a man, *repentance* the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin;—that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact; is dead: it is "pure" as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: "a succession of falls?" Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle be a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions.—*T. Carlyle.*

**A Cautious Witness.**—It was necessary, on a certain occasion in Court, to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?" The witness looked up innocently and replied, "Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer asked again, "But, sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered, "He never rides any gait at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gait on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating: "How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer." "Well, sir," said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest, if his horse is able to, or if not he falls behind." The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself, and asked, "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with him when he was alone," and there the case dropped.

**Troubles from all Points.**—An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section had done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found talking to another man's wife.

**Birds.**—An English ploughboy sees twenty varieties of birds to one of quadrupeds or of fishes. As for insects, they confessedly require a more minute and patient curiosity than he is generally capable of. Ever attracting observation, drawing attention onwards, mysterious in their ways and their haunts, sweet, solemn, or cheery in their tones, they enchant

his fancy, and unhappily provoke his petty greed. An ordinary village lad of twelve will easily and spontaneously be master of fifty or a hundred varieties, their plumage, flight, cries, haunts, nest, and eggs. No two species of birds will fly across a field, or encounter a hedge, when they meet it, in the same way. No two make nests or lay eggs that cannot be readily distinguished. All this is education to those who have little society, no books, no pictures, no long rows of shop-fronts to supply images, ideas, and hints of an outer world. But even they that have all these and other opportunities may be instructed, cheered, and elevated by the study of birds. Their infinite variety, and yet invariableness of instinct; their motley, but unchangeable fashions; their mysterious sagacity and power; their command of the world and their local attachments; their hereditary habits; their close relations to human society; their dependence and independence; their instrumentality in the operations of man and Providence, making them the saviours of a crop, the economists of a homestead, the scavengers of a town, and the useful, though hideous, attendants on the march on the battle-field—all these attributes place birds in a very different category from the creatures we can handle and have under command, and that we can tame and teach to do what we please. England, thanks to her woods and her hedges, her banks and her braes, her pools and running water, has a much greater number and variety of birds than the neighbouring Continent.

**Fishing Signals.**—The Norwegian coast is girdled by 1,200 miles of herring telegraph wire, and telegraph stations are established on the barren rocks of the Lofodden Islands, and in the hollows between the dark precipitous cliffs that form the Arctic face of Europe. Here, among the screaming seabirds, a watch is kept of the movements of herring shoals, and particulars concerning their progress are flashed to the little settlements of hardy Norsemen who live by the harvest of the Arctic and sub-Arctic ocean. According to such intelligence they make their preparations for securing some of the merchandise that they send so largely to the countries on the Mediterranean. —*Gentleman's Magazine.*

**Horticulture.**—There is one very great drawback here to fruit cultivation, and that is that the trees belong to the landlord. If the tenant buys the trees for his garden and pays for them out of his own pocket, directly they are planted he loses all ownership, and must leave them behind him if he moves. This is a great hardship and a detriment to fruit cultivation. Why cannot the law be altered, allowing the tenant to remove his trees if the landlord declines to pay for them at a valuation? If we are to hold our own in this country, all unnecessary restrictions must be removed.

**Lazy Workmen.**—Many satirical grumbles are made, by pen and pencil, at the indolence if not dishonesty of "the British Workman." To get a fair day's work for a fair day's wage is a difficult matter all the world over. It is only when work is done as in "the great Taskmaster's sight," and not merely with eye-service, that an honest workman is found. Sir E. J. Reed, M.P., a good judge in such matters, wrote an amusing letter from Corunna, where the Emperor of Russia's steamship, the *Livadia*, had to put in for repairs last November. It seems that "the British workman," with all his faults, is a paragon of excellence compared with "the Spanish workman." "Had it happened that these temporary repairs had been made in an English dockyard, the services of a dozen shipwrights for a couple of days would have amply sufficed for them. At Ferrol they took a couple of weeks. The extra expenditure of time did not arise from any want of resources in the Royal Dockyard of Ferrol, nor from any want of willingness on the part of the naval authorities or dockyard people. Indeed, the Spanish officers have in this case given a high example of Spanish courtesy, and have rendered the Russian officers every possible assistance in the readiest way. But Spain is not England, nor are Spanish workmen remarkable for vigour and speed in the pursuit of their avocations. This is not a country in which a very exalted conception of a hard day's work prevails. I should say that the shipwrights and caulkers of Ferrol are men of a calm, contemplative, and almost meditative disposition, who philosophically decline to burden to-day with labours that may just as well be performed, or rather deferred till, to-morrow. No act of theirs exposes them to accusations of heedless impetuosity. They seem to think

with Mr. Tennyson that 'raw haste is half-sister to delay.' Therefore, they take things coolly, and avoid altogether the many evil consequences of hurry. Moreover, their tranquil life is characterised by a good deal of what I may call professional etiquette, which effectually preserves one man and one set of men from in any degree trenching upon the functions of another. For example, a few planks have to be fitted and laid in a ship's compartment. Shipwrights and caulkers in ample numbers undertake the task. They appear on board at an hour when it is certain that they have not unwisely wasted any part of their energies on the way. After due contemplation of the scene of their labours and the exchange of many thoughts, or, at least, of many words, they proceed with their measurements, and (if nothing that is wanted has been left on shore) with their work. Well-informed men as they are, they know well the dangers of over-exertion and of a high bodily temperature, and they avoid these extremes. If urged by an impatient and thoughtless Englishman to 'shove along,' they acquaint themselves with his desire, reflect upon it, discuss it among themselves, and eventually decide that it would not be wise or well to yield to anything so detrimental to their systems (in both senses of the word). At length, however, after the slow passage of hours or days, the planks do get fitted and laid, and then comes a new enterprise—that of nailing them down. But here the polite shipwright stops: not for him is the boring and driving which follow, but for his friend and colleague the caulker. It is most reasonable that at this stage the two should confer, and confer they do. The result of the conference usually is that it is too late in the day to commence an enterprise of such moment, and, heedless of all persuasions, they retire, and spend the long evening probably in preparing themselves for the next day's efforts; or, if of a political turn, they not improbably do like the rest of the world, and discuss the likelihood of Dulcigno getting transferred before the grave closes over them. I need not pursue the example further. I have said enough, I think, to do justice to the Spanish workmen, and to show that no mean desire to compete with British workmen and drive them out of the field exists in the breasts of these special artisans."

**The Boers of the Transvaal.**—There are Boers and Boers. The larger number of the Dutch Boers in South Africa are of the same stock and have the same spirit as their ancestors, who won their independence in the days of Alva, and who were the friends of England under the Princes of Orange. But there are also men who, like the Americans of the Far West, have become lawless in their remoter settlements. The "Times" correspondent with Sir Garnet Wolseley, when in Africa, thus gave his impressions of the Boers who have since been in rebellion against the English rule. "The Boer community of the Transvaal," he says, "is one of the few communities of white men which has receded in civilisation instead of going forward. They have long led a debasing and coarsening, if not a brutalising, life. They came into the country with their families in small parties, and the large area of the territory they occupied set no limit to the indulgence of their lust for land. In some cases they cajoled a chief into signing a paper of any purport they chose, and contended afterwards that he had alienated an empire for a few cattle; and in other cases they got leave to pasture their flocks on sufferance, and then claimed an indefeasible title as against their entertainers. This was not a very good outset for the moral training of a State, and other circumstances were not more favourable. They set themselves to lead a savage life, without education, with little consort with their fellows, with no care for any other world than their sheep and their cattle. There was no Government over them, for even if their representatives in the Volksraad passed a law, who should enforce it? There was no police. The scattered community was its own executive." Their treatment of the natives has been cruel and despotic. They have been hostile to missions, and to every agency of progress and civilisation. They turned back Dr. Livingstone, plundering his stores and destroying his papers and his medicines. "The Boers," said Livingstone, "are determined to stop the way to Central Africa, and I am determined to open it." There is doubtless a minority, especially in the towns, of men less brutal, but it is a mistaken sympathy to speak of the Transvaal Boers, as a whole, as if they were the successors of the respectable Dutch colonists of other days.

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